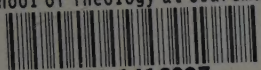


School of Theology at Claremont



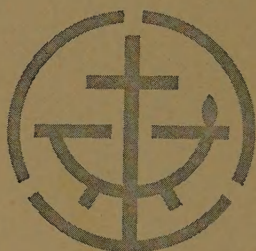
1001 1416097

Mrs. M. L. Kelley

BX
8495
K44
B7

Given to me by
is. Barton. of library. East

The Bond Memorial Library
of
India Batteram Institute



LIBRARY

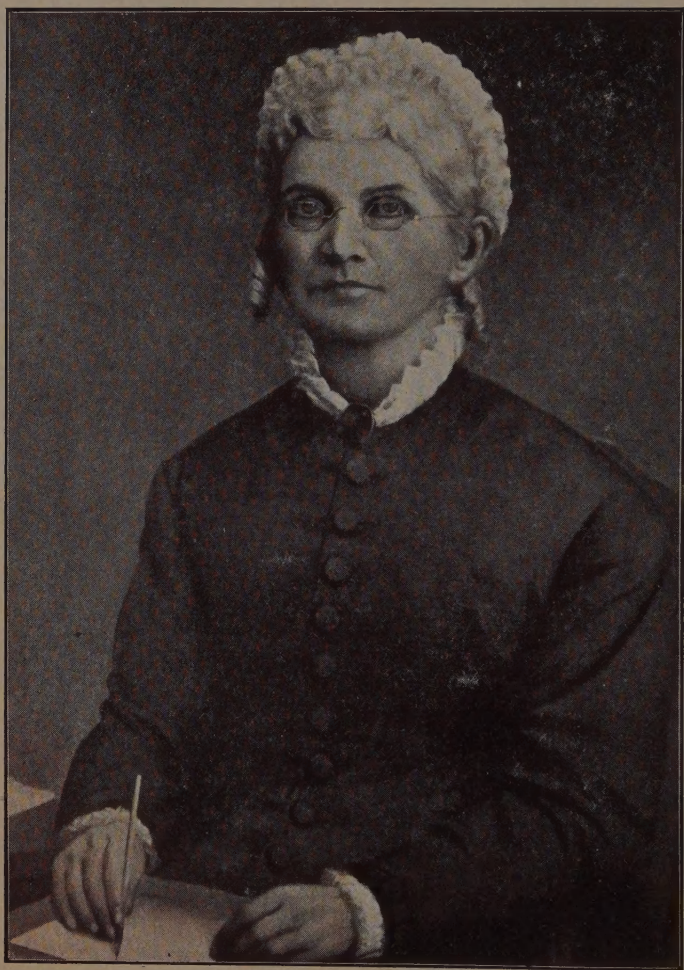
Southern California
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
Claremont, California

From the library of

George E. Root

Private Library
of
Laurence Reynolds

L. P. I.
LIBRARY



Gause

M. L. Kelley

08.1

BX
8495
K44
B7

LIFE OF
Mrs. M. C. Kelley

BY REV. R. K. BROWN, D.D.

1889



ADDED EXTRACTS FROM HER
JOURNAL AND LETTERS,
FOUND ON AN UNEXPLORED
SHELF, BY HER SON, 1900

2661

9 1450

Introduction.

THE motherly heart of MARGARET LAVINIA KELLEY throbbed with pity for every human being. She was wise with the wisdom that is love, and she won many first to herself and then to her Lord.

The blood of the Scotch Campbells coursed through her veins. She had a touch of the imperiousness of that fiery clan, but it was softened by the humility and gentleness born of a higher kinship. She was as strong and elastic as finest steel. She could bend to the needs and caprices of childhood, and she could carry the heavy burdens laid on her with a might born of true faith in God. She magnetized souls by the indefinable power that is given to some holy men and women above others. They are but half conscious that they possess this power, but they can no more fail to exercise it than light can fail to shine.

A figure trim, compact, and elastic, vital in every fiber; dark, tender eyes in whose glance there was a hint of slumbering fires; a strong, square chin; a mouth in whose lines might be read the traces of pain mingled with undaunted courage and womanly affection; a short nose of Grecian mold; a broad and beautiful forehead, silver hair rippling around the noble head; her whole presence at once dominant and winning—this is Lavinia Kelley, the counselor of youth and inexperi-

ence, the friend of the outcast, the mother of orphanage, the busy woman who did the work she found ready to her hand with all her might, with a heart aflame with love to Jesus, and an eye that discerned the dawn of the brighter day that was coming upon the world.

BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD,
in "Centenary Cameos."

Preface.

THIS little book is written to bring out the principles of a noble life in the simplest possible form—viz., by stating its facts. A clear statement of facts often carries the argument with it. Mrs. Kelley's character was well rounded. Many who have passed with her into the better life received its impress while living; others, still struggling after virtue, own its power and are helped by it. She, "being dead, yet speaketh." In her the contemplative piety of Mary found its complement in the activities of practical Martha, and the resultant character was the more admirable. She saw life in all its phases. She filled the various relations of true womanhood well. The highest moral reflections of a recluse, dealing with life's struggle in the abstract, are not half so helpful to us as fidelity to daily duty and triumph over daily temptation exhibited in the life of a fellow-mortal. The most beautiful life of the fairest cloistered nun falls far short of the impress made by a true Christian wife or faithful Christian mother. The self-abnegation of the former is, after all, vastly inferior to that of the latter. The first drop of oil that comes from the "beaten olive" is the purest, and therefore called the "motherdrop;" so the richest blessing that comes of womanhood to the race comes of patient, suffering, loving wifehood and motherhood.

God hath so appointed it, and observation and experience sustain the truth of the proposition. How many men and women declare that they owe a successful life of virtue and religion to a mother's patient toils, prayers, and watchful love! How many men have been sustained, reclaimed, saved by the clinging devotion of a pure wife. How many domestic and social circles have been made and kept magnetic, peaceful, charming by the graces of some matronly one whose influence made her its acknowledged center! Mrs. Kelley's religion did not ignore the human and the earthly, but sanctified them by bringing them under the direction and control of the divine and the spiritual. She did not affect to despise this present life, but owned it to be the avenue to a higher—its gifts and joys as prophecies and types of a better beyond. "What God had joined together" she did not propose, under color of superior sanctity, to "put asunder."

We can read Thomas à Kempis with much religious profit, but many of his noblest reflections are warped and dwarfed by his intense introspection and his disposition to undervalue human life. The perfect "imitation of Christ" can be better realized by studying the Book which records the fact that, whilst to-day he mingles with the sorrows of Bethany and brings life to the dead, to-morrow he will make the gladness of Cana in Galilee gladder by his presence at a marriage feast. If, therefore, in the brief record of a good woman's works and ways we can show how true religion can take hold of human duties and relations, sweeten and purify and make them stepping-stones to the di-

vine, we shall have done much for those who, by excess or defect, make both worlds a partial or fearful failure. The writer in his college life spent several years in her home.

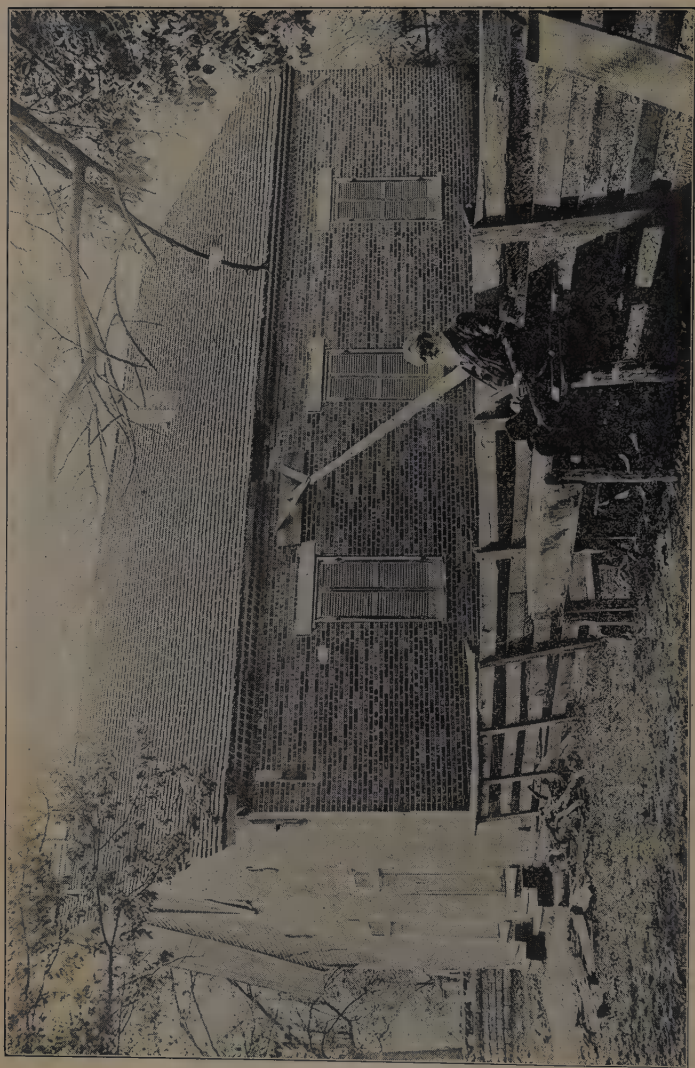
R. K. B.

Some while after Dr. Brown had completed his work a writing desk was found on a high shelf in the old home containing early diary and letters, some extracts from which have been added.

D. C. K.

Contents.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| FRONTISPIECE. | |
| INTRODUCTION..... | 3 |
| PREFACE | 5 |
| ENGRAVING : Pleasant Grove Church..... | 12 |
| I. GIRLHOOD | 13 |
| Home Letters to the Absent Schoolgirl..... | 17 |
| II. WIFEHOOD..... | 24 |
| ENGRAVING : "Itinerant's Rest"..... | 25 |
| III. MOTHERHOOD | 36 |
| IV. MISTRESS | 47 |
| ENGRAVING : Chinese Teacher and Pupils..... | 54 |
| V. MISSIONARY WORK..... | 55 |
| ENGRAVING : Missionary Society Organized in McKendree Church, Nashville, 1870..... | 70 |
| VI. MISCELLANEOUS..... | 78 |
| Other Traits of Character..... | 78 |
| A Typical Day..... | 80 |
| Snatches of Correspondence..... | 81 |
| Mrs. M. L. Kelley..... | 85 |
| A TRIBUTE FROM REV. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D..... | 89 |
| NOSTALGIA..... | 97 |
| GRANDMOTHER'S LAST MESSAGE TO DAISY..... | 99 |
| APPENDIX..... | 101 |



PLEASANT GROVE CHURCH. ERECTED 1836.

At the left is shown a part of the cemetery where she sleeps.

I. Girlhood.

MARGARET LAVINIA (CAMPBELL) KELLEY was born at Campbell's Station, in East Tennessee, April 30, 1806. Her father was Col. David Campbell, a soldier of the Revolutionary War. Her mother was Jane Montgomery, daughter of Col. Hugh Montgomery, of Salisbury, N. C., cousin of Gen. Richard Montgomery, who fell at the storming of Quebec, and aunt of Maj. Lemuel P. Montgomery, who lost his life in the battle of the Horseshoe, and for whom Montgomery County and the city of Montgomery, Ala., are named. Her parents were both strict Presbyterians of Scotch-Irish descent. When about sixteen years of age her father moved to Wilson County., Tenn., and she was placed at school in the Nashville Female Academy, then conducted by Mr. Hume. With an intellect of more than ordinary strength, coupled with studious habits, she early laid the foundation of a solid education. This served her well in after years, for it was turned to practical account. She also had some gift for poetry, loved music and flowers and children. The pressure of an active life, however, did not afford her leisure for the cultivation of the fine arts to any great extent, but her appreciation of them never lowered with increasing cares and years. For nearly fifty years she read and wrote almost daily, being at the same

time a careful and thrifty housewife. She professed religion and joined the Methodist Church in early girlhood, and thus refers to that momentous event of her life in her diary of September 16, 1857.

Thirty-five years ago to-day I embraced religion in East Tennessee at Muddy Creek Camp Ground, in Knox County, on Monday, the 16th of September, 1822. The presiding elder was John Dever, and the circuit preachers were Samuel Harwell and John Kelley. The latter was then a stripling of nineteen years, warm and zealous. He did much good that year; it was his first. He obtained a promise from me six weeks before the camp meeting came on to pray twice a day that I might obtain the blessing at that meeting. That day, that occasion, and that event have their places among the important ones of the past, and I can but look back to them with pleasure as the beginning of a glorious end. But how zigzag has the course often been between that and this period! O, to grace what a debtor I have been! Even grace has often been received in vain. But through all God has brought me safely. When I look back at the dangers seen, the snares, the ruinous precipices to the brink of which I have approached and over which I would have plunged but for some restraining influence, I feel like crouching at the feet of mercy and there continuing to offer acknowledgments of gratitude to the long-suffering care that has borne with me so patiently. "A sinner saved by grace!" will surely be the highest note in my song of redemption. The older I get the more manifest is God's goodness.

Many are the sorrows and difficulties through which I have passed; blights and disappointments have been mine all along my earthly pilgrimage, but from what I have tested of the kindness of the overruling Power

of my life I believe that "even crosses from His hand are blessings in disguise." The goodness of God in many ways I have learned in the school of Christ. The excellence of divine institutions and plans are no longer matters of doubt in my mind so far as my observation of their benefits extend. What my experience has not tested faith enables me to confide in unhesitatingly. There are to human observation some discrepancies between God's promises and his providences. How to reconcile these I have not yet learned, but am trying to exercise Abrahamic faith, and believe all will be right in the end.

A year later she writes again of the day of her conversion :

My mother, my sister (who, kneeling by my side, professed religion at the same time), my brother, the presiding elder, and a vast number of those who worshiped at that meeting have left earth. After thirty-six years of wandering I am still in time, and I feel that I am twofold stronger as a Christian to-day than I was there and then; still I feel that I am not what I ought to be. But before God in sincerity, I can say this day that I long and desire above everything else to be a perfect Christian. I loathe sin more and love God better than I ever did, and there is with me an increasing ardor and fervor of soul to see the kingdom of Christ extending on the earth. This is the all-absorbing subject with me now. For this I want to make and spend, work and pray, give and take, endure and enjoy, live and die. For this I chose one of his laborers as a companion for life. Our only child on earth is engaged in this great work. May the father and son be faithful unto death in saving souls, and may the wife and mother be wholly sanctified for this great work on this, the anniversary of her spiritual birth!

We have made this lengthy extract from her diary at this point because it connects itself with the greatest event of her life, the hour when in her joyous girlhood she definitely chose the Lord to be her God, made a public profession of religion, and joined the Church. The fact that a little girl makes a profession of faith in Christ and joins the Church is too often regarded as a matter of small importance. Alas! it is discounted not only by the unbelieving world, but too often by the gospel ministry. If John Dever and Samuel Harwell followed the usual drift in giving an account of the revival at Muddy Creek camp meeting they stressed the fact that "many grown persons and some very aged men were converted, wonderful displays of divine power," and then added, in a tone and manner that discounted the fact, "and a number of children."

But the Author of life, who saw with joy the old sinner saved by His grace at the end of a long and useless life, saw with a greater joy the fountain of light and love and power open in the soul of little Lavinia Campbell that in ever-widening circles should make glad and fruitful the heart of the family, the Church, and the world for many years to come. Among the forces that helped to mold her girlhood into one of Christian beauty and activity were the letters found recently among her papers, written to her when she was at school. We insert a few extracts:

Home Letters to the Absent Schoolgirl.

CAMPBELL'S STATION, July, 1822.

To Miss Lavinia Campbell, at School in Maryville.

Dear Sister Lavinia: We may talk about coldness, dullness, formality, and complain that we cannot feel. Whose fault is it? Are we not to blame ourselves? We neglect our closet duties, or perform them in such manner that we had as well let them alone—mere words. He who spoke as never man spoke said: "Pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Apostasy begins at the closet door. . . . Accept the tenderest love of your sister, forgiving my plainness.

M. P. C.

MAJ. CAMPBELL'S, Nashville, August, 1823.

To Miss Margaret L. Campbell. at School in Knoxville.

I hope you are improving every moment of your time to good advantage, and that you will try to conduct yourself with prudence and wisdom. I feel anxious for you, and particularly that your mind may be much devoted to the service of your God.

With much regard, your father,

DAVID CAMPBELL.

Wilson County, Tenn., ——— 17, 1825.

To Miss Margaret L. Campbell, at school in Nashville.

Do, my dear, be careful to let nothing draw your attention from the one thing needful. Be friendly and pleasant as far as duty and prudence may dictate.

I am, truly yours,

DAVID CAMPBELL.

(Same date as above.)

My Dear Daughter: I often think of the trials you have to meet with in Nashville, and hourly remember you at a throne of grace. O my dear, I feel strong faith that God will take care of you and give me my two

daughters to be with me where parting will be no more. Now, my dear daughter, may Heaven bless you!

JANE CAMPBELL.

The sickness of her two brothers, just grown to manhood, one beginning the study of law, the other of medicine, called her home from the old Nashville Academy before the close of the school term. The death of these brothers was followed a few years later by the death of her half-brother and sister. In these days of watching and nursing her diary begins. A number of the first pages have been torn away, written, perhaps, when her grief was too great to write with care.

In faded lines we find, indicating how her young nature had responded to her first great sorrow, these words:

Who can feel, who has never suffered? Who can avoid error but by experience of its evil? In heaven only there is life; the shadow, and not reality, is found on earth.

A few days later:

Met to-day a middle-aged and old lady. The latter mentioned the death of my brothers, saying: "They have escaped a troublesome world." The deep tone of her voice, and the deep-drawn sigh from the middle-aged woman, which seemed a token of the old matron's expression, convinced me that I was not alone, that others drank the cup of woe; even the poorest and most obscure had, too, a portion in misery.

Two months later:

This evening I finished reading Newton on "The

Prophecies." It is amply sufficient to satisfy every doubt in regard to the inspiration of the Scriptures.

A year later her father would have her visit W. Eight pages of her journal describe graphically the social entertainments given. Of a mother of the olden time and two married daughters she writes :

Their ease and dignity of manner could not have been surpassed by one reared in the court of St. James. On political issues Henry Clay could not have surpassed them in eloquence. Their excursions into history—not its facts simply, but its philosophy as well—made me ashamed that I had owned to a love of history and that it had been my favorite study at school. Turning to present themes and delineations of living persons, the least and most trivial things were made to glow by both words and gestures such as to excite the keenest relish.

Interspersed with the letters of the three following years were many invitations to social functions, most of them patriotic balls in Nashville, Lebanon, and Carthage.* With so much that was lasting, the roots of which can be traced in the early years, these occasions alone seem to have left no trace in memory or character.

About this date several letters contain thanks for poems which she had written on some call of friendship. A dozen or more pages of a drama not half finished lies hidden between two volumes of her diary. A paper probably read to her own Sunday school in

* These were a revelation to me ; I never heard *my mother* recall them.—D. C. K.

the old storehouse in the lane, discussing the questions of proper objects and obligations of Christians to Sunday schools, seems to have been written in the summer of 1831.

December 4, 1831.—This evening I completed the memoir of Rev. John Summerfield.

December 17 her heart went out in admiration to the editor of a secular paper for an appreciative article on "a Snowfall." All through her diary the snow and the nightingale are rivals in the joy they brought her.

In January, 1832, Milton, Cowper, and Pope were mingled with her housekeeping. Her mother had grown too infirm to longer control.

Slipped into the diary of 1832 as if by accident are several sheets in her well-known chirography discussing Lord Bacon's essays, "On Adversity," "On Atheism," "On Counsel," "On Suspicion," and others. At the bottom of one of the pages is the following sentence appropriate to our present: "The states that are liberal of naturalization toward strangers are fit for empire."

On February 22 her earnest and enthusiastic patriotism devoted two pages to a eulogy on George Washington.

The "first sermon heard since November 7, 1831" was on March 4, 1832. Of the class meeting which followed she writes: "I was asked by the examiner what my prospects were for heaven. I answered that I had a hope of happiness hereafter and that my desires after holiness increased. . . . I was well satisfied that I was not interrogated as was the one who sat next to me. She was asked if she felt the presence of God to-day.

She replied in the affirmative. I could not have answered thus, and wondered if she had indeed been holding sweet communion with the 'Great Eternal,' if her soul had been indeed basking in His invigorating favor, if by the sacred nearness a flame of adoration had been kindled in her heart."

March 20 she devoted to a discussion of studies in natural philosophy.

September 16 notes the return of the day on which ten years ago "I set my face Zionward. . . . I have wandered through many dark and dismal labyrinths during that time. I have seen the small taper of hope sinking and becoming almost extinguished in the socket of despair. . . . It is unprofitable to dwell on past errors if it does not lead to determination for future amendment. . . . I this day resolve by the assisting grace of God to devote life and all to his service."

This experience was a preparation for what was just before her, for on September 30 "my brother William died." [William Cowan, half-brother.]

November 8.—My aged father seems sinking.

The pages which were written between this date and November 25 are too sacred for any other eye than those of love.

November 24, 1832.—Just before the dawn of day the soul of my dear father took its flight to the regions of eternal light. O Saviour, let one ray of light come to the heart of the child, the youngest loved of his old age. His last words were "My dear daughter, my faithful, compassionate daughter, Lavinia Campbell."

Girlhood soon after merges into a broader field. Alone with only a helpless mother for months to come, books and writing were given up for the busy home duties. Housekeeping, daily training to a large group of dependent but devoted servants, nursing a mother whose sorrows had been more than her mind could bear developed administrative ability which was a blessing in all her future. A systematic line of effort was acquired which enabled her in after years to sit (as her portrait shows her) pen in hand and direct to thorough order every detail of her housekeeping.

No entry in her journal occurs until January 13, 1833. "An all-absorbing subject has excluded all former thoughts and feelings and become monarch of my being. Even sorrow, the long familiar guest whose control there was none to dispute, seems to have cast over it a veil of oblivion by the intrusion of a subject which occupies every power of my mind. It involves so much of interest that nothing past can resist it. No future fear severs my mind from it. . . . O thou omnipotent Director, let thy fear rule every passion of my heart! Keep this love sacred in my bosom as its dearest treasure. With it I shall possess wisdom, tranquillity, unpolluted pleasure, genuine freedom, and the light which shall guide me into all that is wisest and best."

'Too many young girls when the temptations of society in succeeding years allure them from Christ forget the solemn covenant made with God when they joined the Church, and lightly trample sacred vows under foot. Or that which is almost as ruinous in its

consequences, they do not connect themselves with the activities of a Christian life. They bury their spiritual talents, many or few, under the impression that there is nothing for a girl to do, nothing she can do.

Before Mrs. Kelley was married, there being no church near her home, she secured from her father the use of an old storehouse, and in this began a Sunday school, in the conduct of which she was afterwards assisted by a niece. Year after year she kept it up. At this date and place Sunday schools were little known, and this one attracted people for miles around. The place became too strait for the pupils, and a Church was enterprised, to procure funds for which she taught a neighboring school, though at this time a young mother with the cares of a family on her.

In after years many messages and letters came to her from different States, written by lawyers, physicians, farmers, wives, and mothers, acknowledging their lifelong obligations for what this Sunday school had done for them intellectually and spiritually. Let this be kept in mind : that the subject of these sketches was not morose, sour, and melancholy ; she did not take this drift of life because of blighted hopes and vanishing dreams of maidenly happiness ; she did not throw herself on the consolations of religion as a dernier resort against despair ; it was not the "taking of the veil" to hide a gloomy face and a dead heart. But it all came of a deep conviction of the divine and eternal, faith in God's Word, a sense of his love, which enabled her in after years to say, "The excellence of divine institutions and plans are no longer matters of doubt in my mind so far as my observation of their benefit extends, and what my experience has not tested faith enables me to confide in unhesitatingly."

II. Wifehood.

WE do not ask the reader's pardon for often alluding to the concrete character of Mrs. Kelley's religious life. It is our definite purpose to bring this out in these pages, since it touched and sweetened and hallowed every relationship of earth. It was not a cloud of abstractions grand and ethical, floating in freezing atmospheres far above a parched and dying humanity, but a gentle rain cloud that poured its refreshing fullness on meadow and corn field and flower plot, on low-lying vale and rugged mountain top, bringing life and gladness and fruitfulness everywhere. It stood out in strange contrast with the piety of some women, who are so absorbed with "the higher Christian life" that they have no time nor talent for looking after the tidiness of their children, the efficiency and comfort of their husbands, the wants of the poor, or the sorrows of their distressed neighbors.

On January 27, 1833, Margaret Lavinia Campbell was married to the Rev. John Kelley, an itinerant Methodist preacher of the Tennessee Conference. She had known him for a dozen years, and recognized his sterling worth. He was the son of Dennis Kelley and Elizabeth Thompson, the father having been a soldier of the Revolution, and was born January 26, 1802, on Smith's Fork, Wilson County, Tenn.; professed re-

5 62 6000



"ITINERANT'S REST."

145

ligion at Big Spring Camp Ground September 11, 1820; was licensed to preach at Winrows, in Rutherford County, October 18, 1821; was admitted into the traveling connection at Norvell's Camp Ground November 1821, and appointed to Knox Circuit, in East Tennessee, with Samuel Harwell. It was in this, his first year, that she first met him and was, through his instrumentality, led to Christ.

The earlier years of her married life were spent away from the old home where she had known such luxuries and elegancies of life as were then afforded in the State. No parsonages were provided for the itinerants of that day. Few married men remained in the itinerant work. On leaving home, after the custom of the times, she was entertained in the homes of the people. Usually three or four weeks intervened between the dates of her husband's short visits to these temporary homes. Twice we find her in homes of refinement, where some of the most cherished friendships of life were formed; many times in cabin homes with ignorant but kind-hearted parishioners, of whom she wrote in mingled humor and kindness. The diary is not kept up; the few entries are short, with never a murmur. The following extract is from a characteristic letter written during the first year of her married life from a mountain home:

MOUNTAINS, August 3, 1833.

My Dear Husband: I have finished my work, written two letters, read the "Defense of Our Fathers," and am this Saturday evening seated to commune on paper with my other self, if I can command language

to do so. I can think about you; can, as you well know, talk to you; but when it comes to couching my feelings in language for my eyes to behold, there is an unavoidable restriction. This much I can say: the pain of absence is not at all mitigated by frequent repetition. The void it produces is as vacant now as the first time we were parted. Nothing less than the great errand which deprives me of your society could compensate or sustain me with my present degree of patience.

I used to think I had some idea of the disconsolate feelings of one deprived by death of a dear companion, but lately I expect I come much nearer anticipating what is real on that subject than I did previously to my experiencing the strength of the cord of conjugal affection. The unbeaten track I now tread no doubt produces much more anxiety and fearful apprehensions than I should otherwise feel; but, taking all things into consideration, I move along the dark, precarious way with much more fortitude than I could have supposed. Notwithstanding, I often feel the need of the dear arm that I alone depend on for earthly aid, yet the reflection that he is engaged as a coworker with the Great Eternal in the salvation of man prevents an undue desire for self-gratification. Never let your peace be marred, my dear, when you reflect on the loneliness of your Lavinia nor have any fears that you are neglecting her too much. But think that her happiness is more augmented by your success in the ministry than anything else. Then let me urge you to go on in the strength of Israel's God and do all you can to save the souls of men. The worth of an immortal soul, who can estimate? And who, for the sake of present enjoyment, would neglect anything in their power to save souls from eternal damnation? I was very much pleased with reading the "Defense of Our

Fathers ;" it seems to be a very conclusive exposition of falsehood. Some remarks made on the character of Coke and Asbury have given them a high seat in my estimation. The venerable Asbury is worthy to be imitated by all his successors in the gospel belonging to that Church which he underwent so much to benefit.

On Christmas day her first son was born. The next Christmas was kept as a day of fasting and prayer for her boy. Two pages of journal tell of her mother love and hope, ending with "and to you, my dear little son, should your Heavenly Father call your mother from you, remember the greatest wish of her heart and her most fervent prayer was that her son should be a meek follower of the dear Saviour, and that God would honor him with a qualification and commission him to preach his gospel."

January 4, 1838.—Have read to-day the general preface of Adam Clarke's Commentary; will use this commentary daily so as to complete the whole this year [which she did]."

After this came extreme physical depression, when she was carried in the arms of her husband day by day to and from the carriage for short drives.

December 28, 1839, we find that on her return home the Sunday school had again become prominent in her life. "My heart has been pained to-day and discouraged to hear that one of our Sabbath school scholars had acted improperly. O my God, protect the tempted wanderer!"

From the day of the return to the old home orphan

children and young men preparing for the ministry became inmates and were objects of constant instruction and admonition.

March 17, 1842, she writes: "The first day we were ever reduced down to our own family since we have been housekeeping." This entry is on the last page of the journal. My father, coming in, saw it lying as she had left it on the table, and wrote under it: "I am glad of it."

Two seemingly antagonistic elements commingled in her without conflict: she was never worried at the coming of visitors. No matter what the hour or however little expected, an old-time cordial welcome greeted them. Yet she never needed company. Her books, her pen, were enough till the evening hour, when the west window, the glories of the sunset, the church in full view with the trees near by which shaded the dust of her loved ones, lifted her into high communion with the ultimate, the eternal.

Her real estimate of her husband, the dignity of his calling, the sacredness of the conjugal relation, her wifely duty in relation to his ministerial work, crop out in the frequent allusions made to him in her journal.

January 26, 1849.—Another year is added to the life of my beloved husband. His Maker, Preserver, and Governor has a work for him to perform yet in the protracted drama of life, a place for him to occupy in his vast universe, or he would not be still living, and that work seems to be required of his own individual self, for he has not a numerous offspring to act in his place. Only one gossamer tissue [referring to the then

delicate health of her only child, David] exists as a probable agent to perpetuate his memory and labor on earth when he has passed away. May he occupy his place and part in the mighty scheme of probationary work until his Master comes and approves his course and promotes him to a higher post of duty! O thou Giver of all good, thou hast blessed him with renewed health of body; wilt thou at the beginning of another year of his life open his understanding, invigorate his mind, give zeal to his spirit, that he may be a more faithful itinerant in thy hand to accomplish that which thou hast given him to do in the great scheme of redemption!"

January 26, 1852, she again writes of him:

Another birthday of my husband. One half century has he lived on the earth. Nearly thirty-two years of that time has been devoted to the ministry of the gospel. He started, an uneducated stripling, from tilling the soil in the twentieth year of his age. After eleven years of travel from Virginia to the borders of Texas he married January 27, nineteen years ago to-day. Whether this event has tended most to his benefit or injury is unknown to mortals. Thou omnipotent One art able to fit me for the place I occupy. Thy spirit hath showed me my deficiency; be pleased then to apply the vicarious remedy. May the twentieth year of my married life be hallowed to memory in time and eternity by a complete renovation of my nature and fitness in every respect for a helpmeet for thy ambassador, who in his youth had a burning zeal and an unyielding energy to save souls! Well do I remember the junior preacher on the Knoxville Circuit in 1822—his boyish look, his first year, his inexperience even in religious matters, without any literary preparation—sent out on a work in which an angel might have gloried to be em-

ployed. But God blessed his labors that year. Many dear friends were led trembling penitents to the altar of prayer, and obtained hope of eternal life through the instrumentality of John Kelley.

Here is a great tribute from a true wife to a noble husband. And mark you, these words were not printed in a public newspaper or spoken to a promiscuous public from selfish, sinister motives, but were the silent breathings of an honest and loving heart penciled in a private journal to be seen, for aught she knew, by no other eye than her own. And the record of an inward love and interest stimulated its expression in the outward life.

Her estimate of him is again expressed at the baptism of her son, John. "Sweet child, may all the virtues of his grandfather abound in him!"

The true Christian wife speaks out in the record of November 5, 1860: "The 'head' returns at the close of the day. His presence is ever cheering in the family circle. How often has the announcement 'Papa is coming!' been heard in the evening twilight with pleasure! He comes sometimes from pleasant scenes, often from the jostlings of life's rugged events, to repose in the bosom of his family. What an arrangement is that of the family bond for our benefit here below, and how fatal those elements of discord that rasp, rupture, and sever the delicate fibers of union. Let it never be so in this house!"

In these days of rush and care there is much enforced absence of all classes of men from home, but no "head" is justifiable in staying away from his fam-

ily beyond the time required by his actual duties, and almost every wife has it in her power, if she will, to make her home a pandemonium or a paradise. "Who hath ears to hear let him hear."

Huntsville, Ala., February 16, 1861.—I am sick to-day, and long for home and dear ones. My son is attentive to his mother, but none in sickness is like him on whom I have leaned and been cared for in many an hour of suffering.

Tenderly nursed in the home of her son, Dr. Kelley, then pastor of the M. E. Church, South, in Huntsville, Ala., ministered to by the elect women of that goodly city, whose hospitality, culture, and kindness to strangers is not surpassed on this green earth, she records her need of the manly love and strong arm of her husband at home. It were better thus to be separated in person, with souls united, than to dwell beneath the same roof with stretches of desert wastes between their hearts.

In the midst of the wild disorders of the civil war she makes this entry:

May 3, 1863.—My husband started with blanket on his arm in the rain this morning to preach at an appointment three or four miles away. He walked. This is a new feature in his history, being reduced to the necessity of walking. May it work for his good! May he preach in "the power and demonstration of the Spirit and prove the savor of life unto life!" While he becomes poorer in this world, may he become richer in faith!"

Two years later her husband was taken sick, and after a long and painful illness passed peacefully away. Any

memoir of this sainted woman would be incomplete that does not bring out her connection with this noble man, her husband. She calls him the head, her protector, herself his helpmeet. Remarkable as was her character, she felt herself to be imperfectly fitted for the duties of a wife to an ambassador of God, and often mourns her imperfections in the ear of the Master. She bore his death with Christian fortitude, and often in her diary makes allusion and pays a tribute of affection to his memory.

Thirty-one years we walked the path of life together. He was one of the kindest of husbands, and his was a life of usefulness all along the pathway of time. Thank God for the hope of our meeting again to spend an eternity together in a sinless clime!

John Kelley was a noble man and a true servant of God, and her life owes much of its fullness to her association with him. The hope expressed of meeting him again is divine, nor did the Master intend to dampen or repress it by the announcement that "in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." Surely everything intrinsically good and joyous to the soul in this life will be transferred across the Jordan, and the divinely appointed, interlocking ties of earth, refined by immortality, will make heaven still more glorious.

We found John Kelley a young man on his first circuit in East Tennessee. After a few years of travel, at the request of Bishop Roberts he accompanied him as traveling companion to the opening West. There he served in Missouri and Arkansas as a pioneer in

planting the Methodist Church. Later he returned to the Tennessee Conference. At the death of Bishop McKendree John Kelley was his pastor, watched over him with a son's care during his illness, and at the Bishop's own request preached the funeral sermon and buried him.*

* With characteristic modesty, I never heard him allude to this fact, and only learned it from another after his death.—
HIS SON.

III. Motherhood.

WHEN the tenderness of any tie or the purity and constancy of any devotion is to be illustrated or emphasized a mother's love is always made the standard. The highest ideal of woman life is that of an intelligent, Christian mother tenderly caring for the health, training the mind, and molding the spirits of her children to virtue, truth, and piety. Here she reigns queen of the world; the scepter of universal rule on earth is in her hands. God has put the human race on the bosom, in the lap, and around the knees of its mothers from helpless infancy, through impressible youth, up to the very opening of manhood and womanhood. He has shut them in with her in the days when the spirit is taking cast and color for eternal ages. Sightly or unsightly as the picture may appear in the years to come, it owes its outlines to the lights or shadows of her face; whether the song of after life be sorrowful or joyful, it owes its character to the harmonious or discordant notes of her voice.

Thrust from the nest, after a few weeks the fledgling finds its own food; the tender lamb must furnish its own fleece and pasture by the time the next frost comes; but the babes of our race are mother's babes till the teens and the twenties come. She pours the fountain of her life into their souls, and God intended

by it to sweeten and keep pure the stream of the years to come when all the tributaries of vice would seek to corrupt it. Happy are those boys and girls who live many years in contact with a judicious, pure, loving, spiritually minded mother. Happy is that mother who does not let the golden opportunity of her children's eternal welfare pass unimproved. When the great apostle was minded to emphasize the faith and efficiency of Timothy he gently said to him that this "dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and thy mother Eunice."

Mrs. Kelley was the mother of three children: David Campbell (Rev. D. C. Kelley, D.D., at present [1889] the efficient Treasurer of the Board of Missions of the M. E. C., S.); Mary C., who died in her tenth year, December 19, 1848; and little John, who died in his second year.

Mary was a frail but bright little being, about whom the mother's heart clung with fondest hope and love, her only daughter. From the very outset she resolved to make her a model woman, adorned with all heavenly grace. She proposed to have a well-rounded character, hence she appointed the daily little tasks and duties which were required of this delicate child for wise reasons. First, that she might slowly and surely develop her frail physique as well as save her from the fatal misapprehension of so many girls that there is nothing for them to do, that they are to be the useless and idle beneficiaries of the good produced by others. Under careful and constant training her mind made rapid development, but not greater than her soul in the knowledge and ways of God. She joined the Church

as a probationer about a year before her death, and in a few months after joining professed to have a happy and clear experience of grace. As the mother with holy purpose and fond anticipation looked on this picture of hope and joy a cloud suddenly obscured its glory. Death claimed the little one for his own December 19, 1849.

This sad dispensation put to the test her faith in the wisdom and goodness of God. We have often seen the heart of mothers ache and quiver and question under like circumstances. She doubted not. With heart bleeding at every pore, it still blessed the hand that made the wound. Though filled with sorrow, she patiently and confidingly submitted to the providence which took her only daughter.

A friend said to the writer lately that great sorrow for the dead showed lack of faith in God. Not so. Our own experience and the frequent records made by this good woman who has long since met her Mary on the "shining shore" demonstrate how one may suffer the keenest pangs of grief and yet not for one moment question the wisdom and goodness of God.

But let her express in her own words her mingled sorrow and faith:

January 9, 1849.—Just one month from this precise time our sweet Mary breathed her last—the nestling of my bosom, in loving whom my heart never felt that it erred in loving too much. Let a divine conviction be felt, O God, that her spirit enjoys immortal bliss. In this frail nature of mine displace the earthly and implant the heavenly until I am sanctified throughout—soul, body, and spirit.

November 19, 1851.—Tears without remorse, gloom without despair, remembrance of past joys fled away without craving for their return, are still felt for thee, my Mary. We know nothing of your heavenly intercourse, but soon we will know for ourselves. Our duty is given to be done here and to know of heaven hereafter.

December 19, 1851.—Three years ago this day a pure, strong fount of earthly love was turned from time to gush out in boundless eternity. In immortal channels, through media too pure, too high, too bright for the weak, dim penetration of depraved perception, it has its divine meanderings. We know not whether it retains the tincture received in its embryo state or not, whether the impress of nature is washed away or not by the waters of Jordan, and everything effaced and drawn out which would prevent an entire mingling in the ocean of eternal love, or whether earthly love remains unquenched in the fathomless deep. "I always did love God, but now I love him more," said my Mary after she felt his pardoning grace. Her life was a heavenly rivulet, commencing in time, and purling for a brief space its pure waters over the sands of time almost without a ripple, until, passing the shoals of death, it was conducted to the boundless ocean of the waters of life. O God, may I be ready to enter there! May thy father "fight the good fight of faith," that he may lay hold on eternal life! May thy brother do his Master's will on earth, whether it leads him through storm or calm, and receive the divine approbation as his eternal reward, is the fervent prayer of thy mother, my daughter!

After the short entry mentioning Mary's death the journal for years is only kept up on the monthly and yearly dates which recall that event. As I read the

journal with its questionings from her deepest soul about the immaterial, the what, the where, the longing for the voice whose last word was "Mother," it is plain-er now than it was at the time that in this child's death all plans for earth had been shattered and a sorrow had come to which all other sorrows were light as air. In her, all earthly things had centered. The son was even then dedicated to an itinerant life in her faith. "Itinerants' Rest," the home of ancestors and of her own married life, was to be made ready for Mary. Father and mother were deeply absorbed in this purpose. The old brick house of colonial form was torn away and a new and larger one erected. A governess was employed. A bevy of girls, regarded as desirable, were gathered under the roof, that they might take away the danger of selfishness in rearing a child alone.

After a few years the husband, ever tender and watchful, thought it better that she should leave for a while the home surroundings. He consented to a supernumerary relation to the Conference, and Lebanon, where the son was attending Cumberland University, became for a time her home.

The interest Mrs. Kelley took in young men caused her while in Lebanon to fill her house with students of Cumberland University. A fine conversationalist herself, she had a special faculty for drawing out all that was most conducive to development in the young around her. Her table was constantly made attractive by educatively lively discussions of topics beyond the trivial gossip of the day. A question of biography,

history, philosophy, or ethics came down so naturally and unaffectedly from the head of the table that all were soon interested, the profit and pleasure being the greater that the design did not lie on the surface. During the twelve years' residence in Lebanon more than a score of young men who became inmates of her family were brought to Christ, but two of those who thus came under her influence proved indifferent to her faith and love. It was during this period that the writer was for a time an inmate of her home.

The motherly care and affection bestowed on little Mary did by no means exhaust itself on that single object. David had his full share. It showed itself in her unremitting efforts to develop his body, mind, and heart, and this not for his sake alone, as if it were the end of all. She recognized the possibilities for good to others and the glory of God that lay in the cultivation of a sound body, a clear mind, and a pure heart. It is to be feared this point is often overlooked by parents in the preparation of their children for after life. Too many feel that they have done well, done all, when they have put their children in a fair way to simply make themselves comfortable in life or open the way for their promotion.

She looked with fond expectation to the multiplication of her own powers of usefulness for the sake of her children. David had his tasks to perform, although the house and farm were filled with trained and efficient servants. Manual labor was not considered a disgrace in the well-to-do family. It developed muscle and manliness as well. Being of sprightly intellect, he took

to books readily. His parents moved from the farm to Lebanon, Tenn., that he might have the benefit of Cumberland University, where he graduated before he was eighteen years of age. During all these years he had the oversight and constant help of his mother. But she reached the summit of both joy and anxiety on the day when he declared his call by the Holy Spirit and was licensed to preach the gospel of the Son of God. This she felt to be the most sacred and responsible work to which human beings are called. Not the pride of place or power, or influence for her son moved her, but the love of the Master and his blood-bought flock. Some mothers are willing to see their sons in the ministry if there is a guarantee of a miter or its equivalent, but there are very few who are willing to see their boys become Methodist "circuit riders" or Baptist preachers seeking and saving "His own lost sheep" in the wilderness. They do not want to see their boys have a hard time in this world, although the prophet says "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever," and the Master himself too declared with a "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life." I am sure the mother in this case felt and heeded the force of the Master's promise, as she did not hesitate to give up her only boy to the China Mis-

sion, the most distant and the most difficult of all fields of labor at that date.

Her deep mother's love for her son knew no abatement during the weary months of preparation and absence preparing for the work in China, but there was no implied or expressed regret at his choice, no withdrawal of her consent to his going. On the other hand, the success of the mission, the winning of that dark empire to Jesus Christ, would not have been too dearly bought at the cost of her son's earthly life.

March 12, 1854, her journal gives an account of her son's leave-taking when starting for China :

The last Sabbath our beloved son will spend in his home village. We were at the Presbyterian church on a sacramental occasion, and partook once more together of the Lord's Supper, the last perhaps until we meet in our Father's kingdom. The dear old hymn which in the days of my childhood was sung when my father and mother went forward alone with streaming eyes and burdened hearts to commemorate the love of Jesus, leaving their godless children sitting in the seat ! Soon as the words "'Twas on that dark, that doleful night," were sung my mind turned to the old log church in the grove upon a beautiful eminence, where the family worshiped in the days of my childhood. Then to the sacraments, periods of extra interest in our family and community. Well do I remember the tears, the sobs, the looks of my parents and the solemn address of the minister to the communicants.

All are now in eternity. Did the spirit of my sainted father commune with the Christian band to-day in whose midst sat David Campbell Kelley, his representative in name, his grandson, taking the Lord's Supper ere he leaves to bear the tidings of salvation to a hea-

then nation? Another of his grandsons bore heavily upon my thoughts to-day. O that he were a Christian!

The tears and sobs of the servants this evening as they bade farewell to their Mas' David will not be soon forgotten. The dear old patriarch among the servants took into his arms the young David and spoke of another meeting away beyond the realms of time, giving him words of encouragement and asking heaven's blessing upon his efforts. Dear old man and boy, ye will meet again, but when? O when?

Christmas Day, 1854.—Peculiar indeed are the circumstances attending our humble lot on this anniversary of the birthday of our son. To-day he numbers twenty-one years and is, we know not where. But he is probably in one of two positions: either a missionary in a heathen land on the other side of the globe or an angel in a bright clime on the other shore. All that we know is that he is absent from us. His cheering presence is not in the family circle to-day. And another fact impresses itself upon us with animating force, that wherever he is, he is safe. Though he may be on some desolate island without the comforts of home or friends, or on some bleak and barren rock, where wretchedness alone is visible, he is the child of One whose tenderness exceeds that of maternal love. He is the subject of a King whose power is illimitable. He is heir to an inheritance that fadeth not away. He is an object watched by omnipotent care—a care that no enemy can elude of earth or hell, therefore he is safe. According to the Bible he is safe; according to the truths of our holy religion he is safe. If the Bible is a revelation from God, he is safe.

When family affliction brought him back to his home it brought to her a deep grief and disappointment that his lifework seemed to be broken up. Nothing but

the hope of a return under more favorable circumstances gave her any real comfort.

For the better care of his invalid wife she returned to Itinerants' Rest when her son returned from China. To this home Dr. Young was a frequent visitor when pastor in Lebanon. Of it he writes :

The country home of Rev. John Kelley and his wife, Lavinia Kelley, was the center of attraction for us. You began to improve from the time you entered the front gate, and improvement continued until you left it the next week. Mrs. Kelley could hold a conversation with you. We could turn our thoughts and sentiments and knowledge together and each one rise up the wiser and better. Some people talk with you by the hour, who seemed to have passed the following resolution: "Be it unanimously resolved, that everybody and everything in this world is wrong." Who ever heard Mrs. Kelley repeat one word of gossip or animadversion or tirade? None. She could and did converse. Her knowledge was as boundless as that of Hannah More, and her religion far more experimental.*

When her physicians had declared the return of the wife to China was not to be thought of the son entered at once on the home work with all the ardor of fiery youth ; and later, entering the service of the Confederate States of America, he still had her advice and care and prayers till peace restored him to the active ministry of the gospel in the most responsible positions of the Church. Although he was the head of a large and growing family of his own, the pastor of one of the

* "Reminiscences." Rev. R. A. Young, LL.D.

first churches of the land, or presiding elder of an important district, she never relaxed her motherly relation to him. But it was not so much an overweening care for a child as deep solicitude for the success of her Master's servant in fields where he had sent him to work. She followed him with prayers, advice, and exhortation. She told him of his faults, urged him to full consecration of heart and life, encouraged him in hours of trial, and brought him a large accession of strength and efficiency in the answer which the Holy Spirit gave to her unceasing prayers for him. And when the final issues are made up many of the fruits of his ever-active life will be traceable to his mother's influence.

TU. Mistress.

MRS. KELLEY recognized her providential ownership of slaves, and heeded the divine injunction: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." Her unremitting devotion to their highest domestic and spiritual welfare stands in lively contrast with the hypocritical cant and flippancy which in many have expended their force in mere talk about political and social rights. One such practical philanthropist is worth a thousand ranters. On the other hand, when the war closed she recognized the providential abolition of slavery in the Southern States, but her interest in them knew no shock or abatement. She followed the openings of His providence who is "the God of the spirits of all flesh."

Dad and Aunt Sibby were a venerable couple of negroes when the writer first knew them. To them were born a large family of robust children, who, with other slaves, grew up on the farm. The wisdom, the piety, and the magisterial dignity of Dad were recognized at home and abroad, but by none more than by "Miss Lavinia." She found in him a faithful ally and executor in all that pertained to the well-being of the rest. To him she refers:

April 20, 1856.—At twilight this Sabbath eve we

bowed in silent prayer with one who has often been thus associated with us. The missionary and slave seemed to be the burden of our prayers.

April.—Our domestics bore heavily on my heart to-day. How often have I offered one and another of them before God for the work of the ministry, and still they are not thus engaged! Yet I hear a faint whispering in my soul that a glorious light will sometime break on “the negroes’ night of care.”

The following is an extract from one of her letters :

LEBANON, March 10, 1856.

My Dear Husband: We had quite a time of joy here last night in our own family, in our usual Sabbath night exercises. Catherine, Sue, and Nora all professed religion. Catherine and Charlotte had gone off as seekers at a negro meeting in the evening, and while talking to them, reading the Bible, and praying with them all four of them seemed very penitent, and wept and prayed fervently. After the second prayer three of them professed to feel the joy of pardoned sin. The young men [students in Cumberland University—the writer was one of the group] by that time had come home from preaching. We sent for them and had a real time of singing and rejoicing. This morning they are all bright and happy. May this little beginning in those young hearts work out wondrous results for time and eternity! is the sincere wish and fervent prayer of your wife,

M. L. KELLEY.

Her journal will be allowed to give glimpses of her life and heart as she came in daily touch with negro slavery :

November 8, 1851.—Death has come again into our house and has chosen for its victim a poor little slave.

Before the little captive awakened to its captivity, how kind that it was transported to immortal freedom!

Writing of one of her own family, she says: "He never brought an evil report of a playmate or little servant. After he left home the old servant in their kind remembrances of him would say: "Mas' D. never spoke an unkind word to me in his life."

The faithful old woman who was called mammy by the children, in early life the competent, efficient, and tireless maid of all work, as she grew older was milkmaid and had the care of the garden. She was a great lover of flowers. A new flower was a thing of joy. She locked the garden gate at the blooming season and carried the key in her pocket. Her mistress delighted to let her have her way. No one had access to the garden except under her supervision. It was her chief pleasure to pluck the favorite flowers and quietly place them in the west window as the sun sought its western hiding place, saying, "For Miss Lavinia; don't nobody touch them." She could not be induced to learn to read. All the younger servants were taught so as to read the Bible. Sunday afternoon was time for catechetical instruction of children and servants.

Dad, as all the younger members of the family called him, was a most trusted friend as well as farmer and protector when the husband and father was away on his itinerant work. When not at preaching on Sunday his voice could be heard when the windows were open, reading the Bible aloud, usually alone on the veranda fronting his house. He was to the last, after

freedom came, her faithful friend, adviser, and devotee. He sleeps near her. Only two of the slaves proved recreant to her love and care.

June 26, 1856.—Being alone and my chamber dark, I slept too late, and got up feeling ashamed of myself. But when prayers were over and a cup of tea drank, I went to my reading and teaching the little servants. While catechising them I branched off to find how much they knew of the plan of salvation aside from the answers to the written questions. I was convinced they knew enough to do what God requires. One of them wept as I pressed truth upon them. Lord bless the little group, and may they be found among the blood-washed in the day of judgment, that day of whose events they spoke understandingly this morning!

After ten o'clock I arrayed myself and went to church to Mt. Olivet. Passing on by the servants, one made a remark about my appearance, when Dad (old negro man) concluded it with a compliment. I felt pleased not so much at the compliment as to know how the good old man estimated me.

July 5.—An article missing from the pantry—at least was not found upon search—and a slight hint in the way of jest to the house servant of her responsibility, having had the keys. She burst into tears at the bare hint of such a thing, and I had to apologize and disclaim any such thought by telling her I would rather think I was mistaken in having the article than suppose she had acted dishonestly. I felt truly gratified to make the *amende honorable* to this strictly (I believe) honest servant. Lord bless her and her husband, and may the childless pair live with thee in heaven!

January 31, 1857.—One poor sick servant is relieved from the darkness and despair so long pressing her down. While talking with her this evening about Je-

sus and heaven she shouted aloud. Glory be to God for his answer to prayer!

December 31, 1859, finds Mr. Kelley away from home engaged in preaching, but Mrs. Kelley, Dad, Aunt Kitty, George, old Henry, and the children keep watch for the New Year. They hold sweet religious converse. Dad leads alternately with "Miss Lavinia" in prayer, George is urged to faith in God, old Henry is moved to repentance, and the Holy Spirit rests on all the company.

July 15, 1860.—At night family prayer is led by a son of Ham, who prays well, utters the Christian language. The descendants of Shem,* Ham, and Japheth bow at the same altar to worship one common Father and God. May one heaven be our home at last! Lord, teach us our duty to the slaves in our midst.

The chaos of civil war is on the land at the next record we make, November 21, 1862. "Eight servants take their departure for unknown parts after dark. May they never wander from the mercy of God!"

Her soul still clings to theirs, and although the right of property in them is in all probability ended that day, yet an abiding interest in their personal salvation from sin here and in heaven at last remains as steadfast as the love she bears her personal Redeemer.

Friday, March 25, 1864.—A quarter before nine o'clock A.M. Aunt Sibby (the old mammy) breathed her last, and her spirit winged its way to Him who gave it, we trust to be happy forever. Sweet that she is now a saint in glory. Her body looks natural. At ten

* Chinese boys, C. K. Marshall and John Lambuth.

o'clock Margaret and her brother William (Gov. Campbell) came down to see the old family servant ere she was interred. God bless them for their kindness!

Friday, January 13, 1865.—Our servants are disposed to leave us. My Father in heaven, direct them and me in that course that will please Thee and land their souls in eternal life.

A few of the servants left, but all of the old family servants returned and remained with her so long as she continued to reside at the old home.

The clouds of war have at last all passed away, and peace reigns. The issues are quietly accepted, and yet Christian philanthropy lives.

Hear her mournful record December 26, 1866: "Poor old Dad leaves us this morning, the last link of the family that binds us to the distant past. Good old man, long faithful to earthly masters. We dislike to part from him; we wished to make him comfortable for the remainder of his days. O God, bless him, give him the consolations of thy Holy Spirit. I was sadly disappointed that I missed giving him the parting hand. The old man has been a fixture in my family all my life. Father, mother, brother, children have died; still he was there. The dreadful war came and went. My beloved husband died, the negroes were freed, the South oppressed; still he was there. But now he too is gone *—earth's changes, O, earth's changes!

* The old man went to live with one of his children.

Note.—1898.—It was among the chiefest delights of my life when to-day the last of the old family servants, my old playmate, said to me: "I heard two men talking the other day about what was to become of the negroes. I said to them: 'Whatever is to happen to the rest of them, one thing is certain: every one of the old Kelley negroes owns his own home and is making a good living.'"—D. C. K.



CHINESE TEACHER AND PUPILS.

Teacher, Lavinia Kelley, educated by society formed in Lebanon, 1857; pupils, by society organized in Nashville, 1870.

U. Missionary Work.

“ Perhaps the brightest missionary spirit which has adorned the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.”—*Memorial Discourse* by Rev. W. M. Leftwich, D.D.

THE following paragraph, clipped from an old paper, shows that even in youth her mind and heart were so imbued with the spirit of sending the gospel to heathen women and children that she was constrained to do all she could for this cause. She says :

When a little girl, missionary pamphlets came from the North monthly to my father's house. All that my childish mind could take in was drawn from those old, well-remembered blue and green backed heralds, telling of missionaries in foreign heathen lands, discoursing of Jesus and his salvation. We often lodged the missionaries on their way to the Cherokee Indians, not far from the Tennessee River. Kingsbury, a reel-footed man, Presbyterian preacher and superintendent of the mission, was often a welcome guest in our family. The charm of the man was the fact that he was a missionary to the heathen. My father was one of the commissioners appointed to visit and report the success of the schools. When I was a very little girl I recollect his family talks of the little Indian children singing so sweetly the songs of Zion, and of his writing home to my mother to tell his little daughter how he had been troubled in a dream about her. I married the next thing to a missionary—an itinerant preacher—

who encouraged the innate feeling of my soul by supplying me with the Church literature of the day. The *New York Christian Advocate* often contained items of thrilling interest. The language of Cox, "Let a thousand fall before Africa shall be given up," is never to be forgotten. Who planted this impulse in my nature? Who has guided my course to deepen and widen this tendency deposited in this earthen vessel until I have been linked to the great missionary work of the Church by ties and ways I never could have conjectured? And though changes, storms, and clouds of bereavement have left me almost alone at threescore and ten, the missionary fire burns brightly, and I feel that pity for the poor heathen and sympathy for the missionary who leaves home and friends is not enough. We must needs labor in the great cause for which the Master laid down his own life. "Little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

As early as 1819 McKendree, Bangs, and Soule, with their associates, were foremost in organizing the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. William Capers bears the honor of being our first superintendent of missions. The plans were all tentative, and methods for raising funds irregular.

In the year 1838 we find that, at a quarterly meeting held at Bethlehem,* on the Lebanon Circuit (S. S. Moody, presiding elder; John Kelley, preacher in charge), the following action was had: "*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to draft a constitution for a missionary society." J. B. Wynne, John Kelley, and L. Fisher were appointed to draft the con-

* The church at which Bishop Asbury held his last Conference.

stitution. So far as any accessible Methodist history states the facts, this was the earliest known effort to create regular circuit plans for organized work along missionary lines.* The thought was born of a discussion in the home at Itinerants' Rest a week before the meeting of the Quarterly Conference. The discussion arose from a suggestion by the mistress of the house, and was participated in by all of the above committee save one, the presiding elder being present and a party to the discussion. From this date onward to the day of her death this subject more than any other fills the pages of her journal and gave active occupation to hand and heart.

On October 27, 1843, the missionary zeal of Bishop Soule and Dr. Capers attracted her to the Conference at Gallatin. She writes: "Bishop Soule and his wife and Dr. Capers were the most prominent persons at the Conference. The Bishop, venerable and firm in manner; his wife, plain and affable, a veritable mother in Israel. Dr. Capers had more meekness and penetration blended than I ever saw in a countenance before."

The description of the last Sabbath and sacrament of the Lord's Supper attended by her son at home before leaving for China March 12, 1854, closes with this paragraph: "The tears—O why?" The record of the

* Since the above was written information has come to the writer to the effect that a company of women were organized earlier into a missionary society in a station at Vicksburg, Miss., by Dr. Winans. The society had no further object than to collect funds for regular missionary purposes.

13th and 14th are much blurred; the words are few and followed by days of silence. The time of his stay in China registers the highest point of exultant joy found in her journals. These were usually marked by most earnest devotion, but always calm; more than anywhere else they mount into the rapturous during this period.

His return gives some of the saddest pages in the journal. She realized with the emaciated wife under her anxious care for months that the return was a necessity, and his purpose to go back to China impossible. Mary's death and David's return from China are the two events which tinge with most sadness the pages of her journal. To the former her pen returns on each anniversary; the latter, after one anniversary being mentioned, is given to silence.

In one mention she writes of her sleepless hours over the return, "a restless, beseeching spirit drove sleep from me most of the night. Resignation tinged with sadness prevailed."

She thus writes on May 5, 1857: "Tuesday. Clear; not very cold; the birds sing. Three years ago to-day our children sailed for China." Her heart never for an hour let go the mission. Correspondence with the older missionaries continued unabated. This correspondence extended to the fathers and mothers of the missionaries in the United States. We give a few references to her journal, showing how her soul was knit to the work:

April 5, 1856.—Our missionary operations soon to come on in Nashville and Petersburg press upon some

feeling portion of this self of mine, composed of intellectual, physical, and spiritual. Some power brings it to bear so as to make the tears flow when I think of it and present it before God. What is it, O God, that thus makes me feel? Thou knowest, O thou Searcher of hearts! Though thou hast *rejected* the offering of my all for that work according to human sight, yet as a part, a great part, of salvation's plan, I *must feel* that if not a personal *instrument* identified with it, 'tis the stronger affinity of spiritual interest. O Lord, increase the missionary operations of our Church to a zeal sevenfold greater at our approaching meeting and anniversary!

She watched the papers for all indications of good to the mission.

Monday, April 26, 1858.—A pleasant morning, not very cold, cloudy in two ways. At ten o'clock a gentle shower of rain; shall a blessing come from the other cloud? Quite a feast this forenoon reading the Word of the Lord. How deep, how rich, this treasure, unfolding ever its superhuman origin, and pointing sometimes remotely, mysteriously, and darkly, but nevertheless surely,* to a grand development. "When the mystery of God shall be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets." O that I may be ready for the bright side of that great fulfillment! May he for whom I pant and pine this holy day feel the power of that endless state, and so present truths connected therewith that a mustard seed planting of to-day's labor may grow and be seen a mighty tree when the gathering time comes. This rainy Sabbath will be remembered with delight, though spent partly in tears.

June 21, 1858.—Late in the evening I read two articles in the *Quarterly Review* on China and the Huguenots. Lord, bless the concert of prayer between

China and the land to which fled some of the Huguenots! They were read with interest and feeling. The cementing principle of the long standing fabric, the government of China, if correct, is worthy of attention. Lord, bless the writer, and guide his conclusions by divine wisdom!

For July 4, 1858, she planned a concert of prayer for the China Mission. She wrote the missionaries of the proposed union of prayer, and sent letters widely among the preachers from whom she hoped for most sympathy at home.

June 23, 1858.—Finished writing the invitations this evening to the friends and ministers whom I am anxious to enlist in the behalf of our China Mission. There is a dread on my mind lest I should bring ridicule on the cause. I have been with all I have done before God in earnest prayer this evening for his blessing, and I leave it there. O God, manage the humble effort! Let it promote thy glory by aiding in man's salvation, and not do thy cause any injury should the poor, imperfect instrument be derided. There was an impulse felt for the 4th of July months ago while on my knees in fervent prayer for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. There was an impression I could not understand while thinking on the subject. I concluded that if the 4th of July came on the Sabbath there might be something in the impulse more than human. The almanac was examined, a mistake being made either in the month, or having the wrong almanac. The 4th was not found to be Sunday. I felt flat. Another examination ensued that proved the fact, for the first time known, that the 4th of July was on Sunday. I felt a tremor go all over me, but resolved to keep all to myself until there was some development.

In the meantime as I was about to write letters to our friends of the China Mission I concluded to propose a concert of prayer for their mission between them and the Christians at home on the glorious 4th of next July, when patriotism and Christianity should mingle their hallowed tributes as they arise from the sacred altar of grateful hearts.

August 11, 1858.—Letters from China to-day. An uncertain cloud o'erspreads their prospects. O God, our hope, our all, from thee alone we expect aid! Help us for Jesus' sake, help us in that direction.

September 3, 1858.—The news of the opening of China to the commerce of nations and to the everlasting gospel was read in the *Advocate* September 2. May it be so!

September 13, 1858.—Letters from China to-day from the members of our dear little mission. May that little *one* become a thousand! May the arm of the Omnipotent be made active in the behalf of that mission! O Lord, let the time come to favor that mission!

October 23, 1858.—We read, yesterday evening in our paper, letters from our China missionaries. The opening of the great empire of China to the gospel seems not to affect the public mind of a Christian nation as we think it should. We have felt hurt at this. But we must remember that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Saw to-night in our Church paper the statistics of the gospel triumph. First century, 500,000 members; in the eighteenth century, 2,000,000, an increase of eightfold, while the increase of the population is fourfold.

December 8, 1858.—A letter yesterday from China to our son and daughter. One of them has that within it which greatly disturbed. But what are our poor missionaries but mortal, with fewer aids from the Church to a spiritual life than Christians at home?

Lord help them, and give them more grace to do and suffer thy will.

January 22, 1859.—The *Advocate* this week contains the delightful news that several young men are about to be off for China.

January 24, 1859.—The prospect of aid for our China Mission elates me more than anything I have seen for weeks or months. God bring about more for that mission than we have ever thought of!

January 26, 1859.—One letter from China, from our Brother Lambuth and wife. Nothing cheering from that *poor, dear mission*.

May 7, 1859.—Our letters last night were mingled with the sad and joyous, particularly those from our dear isolated ones in China. Their labors are abundant, and often they feel as if forgotten by friends and the Church. O God, is not our mission there according to thy will and pleasure? Then let thy hand of life-giving prosperity be upon it. In one of the letters it is said the English Churches regard our Southern Church as being without the pale of Christianity because of its connection with slavery, and that no mission of ours can succeed with the “accursed thing in our camps.” O Lord, show us the good and the right way!

Her private intercourse carried the same earnest efforts for the mission.

Sunday, May 8, 1859.—Ere the night came on W. C. Johnson, the agent for the \$100,000 fund for the Publishing House, came to spend the night with us. We rejoiced to see him who had been a faithful friend in other days. We talked as in years ago of China and our mission there.

May 25, 1859.—Pleasantly employed through this day. After supper a very interesting conversation

with Mr. Carrels (Sunday school superintendent, Lebanon, Tenn.) on our China Mission, and the interest felt for it here and the best way to increase that interest. Mr. Carrels after the conversation walked down in town and heard of the arrival of an unexpected box from Shanghai, sent by Mrs. Lambuth to M. L. K. Our hearts were thrilled with joy at the box all the way from China, and as we opened it and each article was taken out the emotions of pleasure increased, and our every feeling was: "Lord, make it a blessing to the mission!"

Now follows an organized plan for helping Mrs. Lambuth's school in China, the school which later, from the generous gift of another, became Clopton School, to aid in which the first female missionary of the Church, Miss Lochie Rankin, was afterwards sent. The scheme was a double one, or, to speak more exactly, a triple one. Contributions to a box containing articles to be used in the school and otherwise useful in the mission was undertaken in Lebanon. Mrs. Lambuth sent a box of Chinese articles, a fair was gotten up for the sale of these articles, while three scholarships in Lebanon and six in Alabama, on her son's circuit, were obtained to keep the girls at school. But we let her journal speak for the fears and hopes, and the conscientious sensitiveness which accompanied the effort. *The persons engaged in this work in 1859 constituted the first purely foreign missionary organization in the M. E. Church, South, and the scheme was the earliest distinctive effort of Christian women for heathen women in our Church.* The details are therefore of interest to the great band of Christian women at work to-day.

May 25, 1859.—Gathering up the last articles for the box we are sending to China. We asked God's blessing upon that effort to aid in spreading the gospel. May that box with its contents be safely landed at its destination, and give cheer and comfort to the dear missionaries! Again we are busy with a plan to dispose of the articles just received from China for the benefit of missions. Lord, give us favor in the eyes of the people, that a good work may be done in Lebanon for the extension of Christ's kingdom!

May 26, 1859.—To-day we begin our labor of getting contributions to our fair, on the last night of May. God be with us and bless us, and keep far away evil from our efforts and their consequences in this matter. The box of articles for China left Lebanon to-day. Mrs. Dr. Owen and I visited nearly thirty Methodist families to-day. We were received pleasantly, and each seemed a cheerful giver. Surely there is a desire in every bosom to send the gospel "to every creature," or why the readiness to aid and pleasant approbation of efforts? All were willing to aid; none refused. No lady was absent from home but one, who was in feeble health and had ridden out. Even the poor and afflicted wanted and did contribute their mite. Lord, succeed this by a gracious shower!

May 27, 1859.—The little cloud that flitted across our plan rifted away this morning. Our place for holding the missionary fair is in Abbe Institute instead of the basement of our church. The jealousy lest the house of God should be desecrated in the Christian hearts we highly approve of. O, that we would more sacredly guard the inner temple and keep out the enemies that dare intrude and desecrate that place where God delights to dwell!

May 28, 1859.—All day decorating the rooms for our fair. O Lord, defend the occasion from sin! Make it

thy instrument to promote good, and manifest thy approbation upon it by a spiritual visitation among thy children. O Lord, revive thy work!

May 31, 1859.—After constant preparation all day our fair begins at 8 o'clock in the evening. The rooms and table are beautiful; the crowd great, a perfect squeeze. We have alternate hope and fear that our efforts will do good, then fear we will not sell the things at last, and that the means are not right for an end so worthy. Wrong impressions have been made on the minds of some of the poorer members. We are sorry for that; we thought they understood the matter as we did. But this is a land of mistakes, errors, and difficulties. The crowd look happy and seem to enjoy the occasion. Surely our Father does not disapprove this scene. Lord, let thy blessing be upon it and upon all those who have generously contributed their means and efforts to carry out the innocent design of obtaining means and encouragement for our missionaries in China! And let not the influence of this first fair in Lebanon end with the last night of May, 1859, but like a star may it beam forth as an impetus for good until the light of its consequences is lost in the sunlight of eternity! May the strongest impulse for good be felt in those hearts whose hands in weariness day after day performed the task of getting ready that box! And may a thrill too be felt in those heathen hearts for good who shall hear of it in China!

Two Chinese boys had been sent by Brother Lambuth to the United States for education. Dr. Kelley had the care of them until they had learned English enough to be in other hands, but as every one else wearied of the work they finally were left almost wholly to her care. One of them is now a missionary in Chi-

na, who is known to English readers as Rev. C. K. Marshall. They were both brought to Christ while under her care. Dr. Kelley thus records the event :

October 1, 1860.—Some months ago your editor gave you an account of the visit of two little Chinese boys to Nashville in company with our excellent missionary, Mrs. Lambuth. He intimated to you then that the boys were very piously inclined. I now have something better to tell you of them. They were left with me by Mrs. Lambuth, and have been making very rapid progress in learning to speak our language, and to read, write, solve arithmetical problems, and have commenced geography. But the best I have to tell you is yet to come. They have kept up regularly their daily prayers, memorizing texts of Scripture and making all kinds of inquiries about Christianity and Christian people. About a week ago we commenced a meeting in a church near by, at which penitents were invited to the altar. The second day one of the boys, Charles (Seir Whoa), the elder of the two, came to me to ask if he might not at the next hour for meeting go to the altar. Thinking that he did not understand English enough to receive much instruction from others, and distrusting my ability to convey exact ideas in Chinese, I hesitated about the propriety of his going. Not liking to object, I asked him what he supposed persons went to the altar for. He replied: "To repent of sin, and ask God to forgive them." I then asked why he wanted to go now. Said he: "Every day I commit some sin, and the longer I put off repenting, the harder it will be to obtain forgiveness." I said nothing more to him about it, concluding to allow him to use his own choice. The younger boy, John (Neebau), stood by and listened to the whole conversation. At the next hour's service when an opportunity was

given both of them knelt at the altar, and when I went to the elder one, a few minutes after, I found him weeping very bitterly. After giving him some instruction I turned to the younger one, whose sobs could be heard at some distance, and between the sobs earnestly praying: "Heavenly Father, help me to become good, because Jesus died on the cross for my sins. Let me obtain forgiveness on account of his merit, and receive his grace."

Every question asked him he answered so readily and promptly that I felt satisfied he required very little help. A short time afterwards a joyous laugh could be heard mingling with his sobs. Asking him if he felt that any of his sins were pardoned, he said: "Yes, a great many of them, but not all; a very few yet remain." After praying very earnestly a short time longer he said: "I do in my heart prize Jesus more than anybody and everything else in the world." Telling him that he might express his feelings to Charley, he turned to him. I listened very attentively to hear what he would say. "I do love Jesus, I do love the Lord, I do love the Holy Spirit; and if you will take the *name of Jesus* and go to God with it, you will obtain the forgiveness of every one of your sins." The little fellow, eleven years old, has been very happy ever since. Charley did not become satisfied until the next night. But both of them are very positive *now* that their sins have been pardoned for Jesus's sake. John went the day after his conversion to talk to two little negroes about trying to seek religion, and said to them: "I feel like Jesus has taken his precious blood and washed my heart clean." How many of you who have heard of Jesus from your cradles, my little friends, can say of your hearts what this poor little boy can, who only a few months ago had never heard that there was a Saviour for sinners? What I

have told you of the boys' words were spoken in Chinese, as they do not yet know the meaning of such words as grace and merit of Jesus in English.*

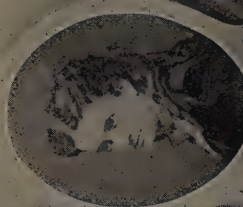
These boys were objects of her care until they were ready for other work. C. K. Marshall is well known as a most valuable missionary in China. His daughter, named Lavinia in token of his appreciation for her, is now at school in Missouri, a bright and promising pupil, as is his son, C. K. Marshall, at Vanderbilt University.

The early movement at Lebanon and Chickasaw Circuit in North Alabama resulted in furnishing to our missions in China several valuable helpers both as teachers in mission schools and mothers of Christian families.

During the troubled years of the war Mrs. Kelley kept up a correspondence when possible with both the Cunnyngghams and Lambuths, at that time in China. Brother Lambuth, while in the United States during those dark hours, found for a time a home with her. Later Walter and Nora, his son and daughter, were committed to her care, and for years were her foster children, watched over with tenderness greater than had they been her own.

In the autumn of 1870 her son was appointed to McKendree Church, Nashville, Tenn. Soon after his appointment he placed his school in Lebanon in other hands, and his mother came to live with him in Nashville. Not many months elapsed before the one enthusiasm of her life manifested itself in an effort to

* *Sunday School Visitor.*



MRS. J. M. WHEELER



MRS. LAURA A. ROSS



MRS. MARGARET LAVINNIA KELLEY



MRS. ANNIE L. HARWELL



MRS. V. M. SAWRIE



MRS. LAURA GREEN FITE

interest the ladies of this old and prominent church in special work for the China Mission. The task was no easy one. Wealthy and cultured women who were drawn to her personally shrank from any new or untried schemes of Church work. After months of occasional efforts which were by no means encouraging, she began a systematic series of visits to induce the ladies to meet and form a society to carry forward the work begun by her in Lebanon some years before. The pastor added earnest words from the pulpit with frequent announcements of the proposed time for meeting. Fifty or more names were secured. The day came; it was chill and rain was falling. The accompanying picture gives us the faces of all who met.

A short while after the appointed hour the pastor walked down the aisle to where the little group gathered disconsolately around the open register on the west side of old McKendree Church, the house named for Bishop McKendree, dedicated by him, and where he preached his last sermon. After standing a moment he handed to his mother a form of organization which he had prepared at her request, saying, "Organize your society just as if the house were full," and left the church. As the little group knelt in prayer, led by Mrs. Kelley, hearts began to glow and the work of woman for missions in the M. E. Church, South, was launched. From this small beginning there has been a continuous and unbroken stream.

In 1873 an effort was made to extend the work of organization to other Churches in the district. The following announcement, bearing date of June 8, 1873,

was found preserved among Mrs. Kelley's papers, in her characteristic chirography :

The committee composed of members from each of the Methodist Churches of the city and Edgefield are requested to meet in this church (McKendree) Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock to draft a plan for a Woman's Home and Foreign Bible Mission.

Below this notice at a little distance this second notice was written :

The ladies of this congregation are all earnestly solicited to come to this church on Wednesday, the next day, to hear the report of the above committee.

(Signed) MRS. ERWIN AND MRS. KELLEY.

She had found in Mrs. Erwin a kindred spirit and helper.

This effort to reach other churches in the Nashville District became a success during the next Conference year, when her son was made presiding elder, Tulip Street and Elm Street Churches cheerfully responding to the call to organize auxiliary societies.

The editor for the sake of accurate history begs leave to insert here the following memoranda :

COLUMBIA, TENN., June 13, 1898.

To Mrs. F. A. Butler :

My Dear Sister: When in Baltimore attending the General Conference of 1898 I gathered all the information possible to obtain in reference to the beginning of the Society there. Their secretary's book has been lost. Mrs. Bishop Wilson, however, years ago had given me information when she was the Secretary of this Society, which has been corroborated by the extracts from the records of Miss Melissa Baker, who was

Treasurer from the beginning. The following are samples of these extracts, furnished by Miss Melissa Baker :

"Trinity Home Mission, organized February 16, 1869."

"Name changed to Woman's Bible Mission March, 1870."

"Changed again to Woman's Missionary Society, Auxiliary to Baltimore Conference Society, M. E. C., S., organized March, 1879."

"The first contribution to China Mission was in May, 1873, of \$100, sent to Mrs. Lambuth for a Bible woman in Shanghai. This is a special contribution from individuals of the Woman's Bible Mission at Trinity, \$50; from Calvary, Emmanuel, Bond and Holland Streets, \$50."

From the report of their treasurer it appears that their first contribution toward foreign mission work "was sent to Shanghai, China, April, 1873." This contribution was made not by the society itself, but by individual members. Previous to this the society had made a noble record in conducting prayer meetings and Bible readings in the city of Baltimore. This society began as an agency for home work, and afterwards bloomed up into a full missionary enterprise. The work in Nashville began as a foreign missionary movement, but after correspondence with Mrs. Hayes embraced the home feature in its aspirations.

These two movements, the one in Baltimore, the other in Nashville, had their origin at the opposite poles of the same spiritual battery. They fused into one because they each sought to keep the current of love at full flow. Love hears the Master's voice whether it be to "Feed my sheep," to "Feed my lambs," or to "Come

over into Macedonia and help us." Faith and wisdom err; love is infallible in its perception of the Master's call to the duty of to-day. The prayer which begins "Our Father," and merges into "Give us our daily bread," is a union of love and confessed dependence which gives work at home and abroad the same value and begets devotion to both. The best home worker blends easiest with the most devoted missionary. From these two roots, germinating in congenial soil, the glorious tree of woman's work for woman has grown rapidly into one vigorous whole.

The first Bible reader employed by the society in Nashville soon developed among the lost women of the city a work of such interest and magnitude that Mrs. Kelley saw that there was more work than one society could compass, and feared that the work which could be *seen* would obscure the claims of the *unseen*. "Lest faith should too soon be swallowed up in sight." After consultation a call was made for a meeting of the women willing to take charge of the special effort for the reclamation of fallen women. At her request the presiding elder of the district drew up a constitution for the society which was named "Woman's Mission Home," and placed in her hands a list of names suggested for officers and managers, all of which suggestions were adopted. The called meeting to give to this society a separate existence was held at Tulip Street Church, East Nashville, September, 1874.

From this agency much and lasting good has come. A succinct report of its work is made an appendix to this memoir.

Mrs. McGavock, as Corresponding Secretary, in her report to the Woman's Bible Mission of Nashville, July 5, 1876, shows that the Nashville Society, with auxiliaries in McKendree, Tulip Street, and Elm Street Churches, at this date continued its home work. The report begins as follows :

The field in the home department of our society is being steadily cultivated by a few faithful workers, whose hearts, hands, and means are freely given to the cause. Some interesting reports have been sent in, prayer meetings are held, the sick visited, the poor ministered unto both in spiritual and temporal things. We hope before the time for this, the second quarterly meeting for 1876 of the Woman's Bible Mission, to have advices from our foreign work. Letters are on the way, we are assured, but they have not reached their destined point. However, one item of interest we gladly give you : another scholarship has been provided for Mrs. Lambuth's school in Shanghai.

Before the General Conference in Atlanta, 1878, eighteen societies had been organized in several different Conferences. Miss Lochie Rankin, their first missionary, after spending some days with Mrs. Kelley and meeting the Nashville societies, had sailed for China with the sanction of Bishop McTyeire. The General Conference of 1878 gave legal existence to the woman's movement. They had sent a petition to the General Conference of 1874, but no action was taken by that body.

While busied with this work, which filled her whole heart for two years, she daily taught a young Chinaman. Her text-book was the Bible. He knew very

few English words, and she knew no Chinese when the work began. Every lesson was closed by both kneeling in prayer. In about one year he was gloriously converted, and became a most zealous worker among his fellow-Chinamen in the United States. After a few years of labor extending from Savannah, Ga., to Denver, Colo., he went to heaven, carried up, as our pastor from Denver declared, "in a cloud of glory."

Mrs. Kelley lived to see the work she had begun take root in four different Conferences and in hands she thoroughly trusted. While this work was going on outside of her home she was engaged within that sacred circle in a work yet tenderer and dearer—training three young lives for missionary work. Walter and Nora Lambuth (now Mrs. Dr. Park, Suchow, China) were at this time constant objects of her daily molding. Nearer to her still was the eldest of her grandchildren, Daisy Lavinia. In her concentrated the yearning which had been so sadly blasted in the return of her son from China. Her whole soul went out in prayer and hope that Daisy might be called of God to this work. Not a word was breathed; the secret was between her and her Father. She saw Daisy married to Dr. W. R. Lambuth. When they had given their farewell kiss and begun their journey to China her whole being seemed lost in the longing to go home. God gave her her desire, and she entered on that "life to come" October 29, 1877. The diary during the last busy years seems to have been suspended—at least no traces of it remain. One rough copy of a letter which may have been sent is all that speaks of the overflow-

ing anxiety and triumphant joy which filled her heart when God gave to her prayers a missionary of her own blood. Following is an extract from this letter :

And whether crowned or crownless when I fall it matters not, so as God's work is done. Human nature sublimated by Christianity is capable of attaining other heights than pagan philosophers and infidel seers ever dreamed of. I would clasp with one hand the warm, the throbbing palm of sinful humanity, and with the other hold up the lamp that God gave me to carry through this world, and so struggle onward, heavenward.

In some sort we are mechanics, designing as apprentices on the sands of time that which as master builders we shall erect on the jasper pavements of eternity. There is seldom a line of glory upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it, and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other get the least hold of the lesson earth has to give. "Our Lord doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backward. We see and feel well his setting, but shall read the print yonder in the life to come. I shall always wear my melancholy memories of sin, as Mussulmen wear their turban or pall, as a continual memento of death."

Love the creatures to whom you minister. Without this you will only be struck by the outside form, not by expression. It is only by kindness and tenderness you are enabled to discover the beauty covered by earth's adversity.

UT. Miscellaneous.

Other Traits of Character.

THE ideal Christian is a thing of beauty; the real Christian a joy and a wonder. Skeptics doubt the existence of such a living mortal. They say these admirable traits of wife and mother shining in the character of Mrs. Kelley and thousands of other women are simply instinctive, natural, or that they are the outcome of pure selfishness. With them it is no distinctive mark of virtue to be a conscientious wife or a loving mother; that beyond the limits of natural affection, love so-called ceases. But facts in the case before us prove the contrary. For many long years hapless orphans in whose veins ran no kindred blood found a home in the heart and house of Mrs. Kelley. Her soul and lips said, "Son," "daughter," to others than David and Mary; other childish ones with glowing assurance called her mother. A few extracts from a diary written for her own eye only tell the gracious truth. She refers often in these pages to the children of the Rev. Joseph Willis, of the Tennessee Conference.

June 30, 1856. — This is the birthday of our foster child, Nora. She attains her ninth year to-day. May she constantly grow in excellence and ability to do the will of her Heavenly Father. Lord, make me to do my duty by that child! For Thee I desire to train her. Her time, her talents I desire to be used for Thy glory.

The date of this entry brings vividly to the mind of the writer an occurrence that sheds light on this memoir. Rev. A. S. Riggs, then presiding elder of the Lebanon District, with his family, was boarding in the home of Mrs. Kelley, besides a number of us who were students in Cumberland University. In the absence of Brothers Kelley and Riggs the boys were required to "hold family prayers." Every servant and child and student was required to be present. The service was often supplemented by special prayer on the part of Mrs. Kelley with the children.

One evening the whole family was thrilled with joy at the announcement that Sue and Nora had professed religion in the children's meeting, and the bright faces and happy voices of the little girls confirmed the news.

More than thirty years have passed, and Sue and Nora, mothers of happy families, are channels of rich grace to their own children. But to the diary again :

June 20, 1860.—Fannie Willis, just graduated, comes to make our house her home. God bless her, and may we be to her all that God requires!

Again :

We had a lesson from the five girls this morning—a Bible lesson. We talked with them on the importance of turning to God in childhood. We felt deeply and profoundly while praying for them, and such a spirit of prayer we have not felt for days.

Her love for boys was truly evangelical. Boys from China, hated China, children of despised and neglected Ham, found in her a mother. Two Chinese youths for a long time dwelt in her home and were taught earnestly and successfully the doctrines of our

holy Christianity, and one of them, Rev. Dzau Tsz Zeh, is at this writing chaplain to the hospital established at Soochow, China, by the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South. He remembers well Itinerants' Rest. His English name is C. K. Marshall. He has continued to be a faithful missionary, one of the most valuable in all the Christian work in China. At this date [1900] two of his children are at school in America—a boy bearing his own name at Vanderbilt University, and a daughter in Missouri. Both are devout Christians.

A Typical Day.

June 19.—A poor neighbor calls in this morning to get potato slips, on her way to see a sick negro woman, the servant of a neighbor. The poor are the salt of the earth, sure enough. How kind they are, ready to administer to the afflicted around them! Though on their work depends their support, how willing to lay it aside to help a needy one!

A double China letter, containing the bill and the coming and going of the boxes, is sent to the office this morning. In the afternoon a delinquent brother of the Church, a minister, came to talk with me on the charges of immoral conduct. God save him from ruin! Shortly after, got a letter from a sister in distress at a distance. Lord, guide her through the breakers of time to the eternal port!

Received four letters to-day—two from China, one from Mrs. Lambuth, the other from the girls of her school, the third from a very dear niece, the fourth from a poor Christian brother who desires to do his Christian duty, to do good, to aid in promoting his Master's cause, but he is poor and ignorant, and thinks

he is not competent for the least service in the Church. Still when he goes forward in the little he can do he feels happier in religion himself. He asks for counsel and direction. And now, O Thou who despiseth not the day of small things, look upon that brother in his poverty and ignorance, and make him strong to confound that which is mighty in the kingdom of darkness!

Snatches of Correspondence.

Answer to a letter from a young nephew of her husband:

My Dear Nephew: Yours of July 13 came in due time, and as an apology for not acknowledging it forthwith I must give my absence from home. I read your letter with mingled emotions of joy and fear. I felt joyful at the divine influence of which you are made partaker, but fearful when I recollected the responsibilities of the high and holy calling to which you feel impressed that it is your duty to attend. It is a work of vast importance—one whose value is beyond the computation of mortals. The depth of its worth cannot be fathomed nor can the extent be limited; its consequences will be of eternal duration. To reflect on these things as undeniable truths is enough to make weak mortals shrink from the fearful responsibility. But on the other hand, to reflect that God chooses such that the excellency of the power may be of him and not of us should encourage us to go forth at his command and do his will. I approve of your waiting until your education is improved. We are certainly in the path of duty when qualifying ourselves to perform a work obligatory on us; and if we have not zeal sufficient to sustain us through the labors of a preparation, it will not be sufficient to bear us up when passing through the many ordeals consequent in the course of a minister of the gospel.

To the young wife of a preacher :

An angel with an immortal vision might be abashed to take the place to which you have been called. But there is a consolation under this weight of responsibility : a poor pilgrim of earth in the hand of Omnipotence can be as efficient as the angel of immortal vision. Then by prayer and humility cling to that almighty Arm which is your only aid.

After weighing the matter and counting the cost of sacrificing self with its dearest earthly interest to promote the grand scheme of salvation, oftentimes does the anxious thought cross your breast : "Who is sufficient for these things?" Remember that He who watches the struggles of your tired heart is ever ready to bestow aid with more than a mother's fondness. And think not thy feeble, almost faithless, petitions which go up in your lonely hours for the success of your husband when he is away laboring as a coworker with his Master in the mighty plan of man's redemption are not heard by the willing ear of Him who looketh at the heart. And besides this there is another important trust committed to your care. A little immortal nestles on your bosom whose destiny is often suspended to a mother's teaching. Your love for it is such that you would willingly bear its sufferings and risk your life to save that of your child ; but what is its mortal life, which will last but a few fleeting hours, months, or years at most, to the life that never ends? Your little one is a gift from Heaven. Train it for the Giver. Let the first impressions on its dawning intellect be of its Creator and Redeemer. As it draws from your bosom nourishment to sustain the life of the body, let your prayers ascend to the only spiritual source for eternal life for your darling.

M. L. KELLEY.

Itinerants' Rest, May 24, 1849.

To a young preacher with a bright and strong mind, who later was lost to the Church :

You request me to point out your wrongs, give you instructions, etc. The latter I feel incompetent to do ; and as to the former, in this land of entire freedom of thought and opinion so varied and arbitrary are the notions of right and wrong, and so much does speculation alter the plainest aphorism, that the correct limits between the two opposites are scarcely definable. However I will venture to give my feeble opinion relative to what I conceive to be an error of Brother R's. From what I hear, you correspond with various persons through this country. To this I make no objection ; but to the manner in which I hear some of those letters are written (in a light, frivolous manner) I do object, particularly when I recollect the plain injunction of the Scripture to avoid foolish talking and jesting, etc., a passage with which you are perfectly familiar, and also with that which declares you to be as a city set on a hill. Therefore your every act and word must have effect one way or another. I am not able to tell the extent of the injury of those letters ; as to their utility either mental or moral, there can be none. I understand that a letter from our neighborhood threw you into such raptures (not holy, I guess) that the hour to preach was forgotten until the admonitory sound of the bell brought the important duty to your mind ; then you repaired to the sacred desk unprepared to perform a duty upon which the destiny of some soul may have been pending.

Too much lightness and familiarity destroys the influence of the ministerial character. If displeasing to you, pardon this confidential admonition.

M. L. KELLEY.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 11, 1876.

To Hon. J. M. Lea.

Dear Sir: You have lived long enough in this world to meet with many strange events. Therefore this unexpected item may not greatly disturb you. Almost every one, great and small, who is at all active in the busy affairs of life has a hobby. In my humble life from youth to age mine has been the missionary feeling, the desire to bring the world to Christ. The heathen world has had the prominence because of its great need of the light of life. Since I have resided in your city we have had in operation a female missionary society over which I have presided. The financial depression has been heavily felt since our beginning, but still we think some good has been done at home and abroad. Part of our plan for our foreign work is to educate children in our mission schools, male and female. They, after receiving a Christian education, are used as native helpers in the mission work. Persons here often give a support to a boy or girl selected by the missionaries as suitable for the purpose.

Fifty dollars is the amount required to support either one in the mission schools one year. This we regard as a promising method. And one of the motives for addressing you without personal acquaintance is to ask you to give annually to our society the above sum quarterly as the privilege of having a boy selected for the school to be named Luke Lea, the name of your father, and also of a promising son now in heaven. In making this request of you I am not ignorant as to who and what you are in any respect. I know that the calls on your generosity come like the fall of the autumn leaves; but just such I like to call on, and am willing to abide their decision. You are aware that my estimate of your character is derived from a correct source—the public regard. I am therefore at liberty

to use the possession as suits me. And I am glad of your East Tennessee birth; glad that you can revert to your ancestry with pleasure, to your grandfather, whom my childhood recollection brings up as a beacon light in the Christianity of the past; glad that the gifts of a gracious providence have not been bestowed in vain on you. Many other things I have heard of you to excite my admiration. But on one point I am left to conjecture, and this is the other and principal motive that urges me at present to speak to you as I do. All that I hear of you is good, but there is *one thing most needful*. I do not hear you are a believer in and a follower of Christ. You, the son of Christian parents whose prayers have brought many blessings on their children, and do any of them refuse to confess *before men* Him who is the Author of all our good? This is the point, Judge, that concerns me most with reference to you.

No apology is necessary for this from yours affectionately,

MRS. M. L. KELLEY.

[The contribution was made, and the Chinese boy educated. The gentleman to whom it was written is yet living (March, 1900), a devout member of a sister Church.]

Mrs. M. L. Kelley.

Resolutions passed by the Woman's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tenn. :

Whereas it has pleased God to call to her reward in heaven the President of the Woman's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tenn. ;

Resolved, Our hearts are bowed down with profound sorrow at the removal of our head, our wise counselor, and the founder of the above Christian association in our city. While yielding submission to the divine will, so far as we can compute, her loss is irrepara-

ble, but we take comfort in the assurance, "He hath done it," and though "God buries his workmen, he carries on his work." To her prayerful spirit, entire consecration, and gentle conservative influence our society, under God, owes its success and, we may add, all the good it has accomplished for the cause of missions. In the early months of its organization difficulties threatened to hedge up the way; but she, with unswerving faith, moved quietly on, saying, "It is God's work, and though we fail he will not let the cause suffer." Her influence for good permeated all classes of society wherever she lived, and eternity alone will unfold the greatness and number of her Christian deeds. The poor, sick, and afflicted, whose homes she brightened and whose hearts she cheered by her loving words and pleading prayers; the children, even orphans and strangers, she gathered about her home and trained up in the way, the truth, and the life; young men, far from fireside influences and restraints, found a place around her table and were brought under the spell of her kindly beaming eye, and never forgot the inspiration of her high-toned piety. The cultivated and refined gladly welcomed her to their circle, which she graced in no ordinary degree by her intelligence, superior wisdom, affability, and marked spirituality. Worldlings never shrank from her presence in awe of an atmosphere of sanctity; but rather listened to her sound ideas, and felt pleased at her interest in them. The history of this saintly woman can never be written, but angels will sing the story of her life to the redeemed who throng the courts of heaven. Her social qualities were of the highest order, enabling her to adapt herself to the varied temperaments one meets in mixed society. Her home life was beautiful. She was the sun around which all revolved—the gentle arbiter, the repository of every trial, the sharer of ev-

ery joy. Her peace flowed like a river, and bore all along on its even tide. Her heart was bound up in mission work. Some who did not know the inner workings of her consecrated spirit called her fanatical on this question, but Christ smiles on a fanaticism that causes his followers to feel and say as she did, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." It is not out of place to mention here that one of the native preachers lately ordained by Bishop Marvin in Shanghai was trained in her family, and says he owes his conversion, under God, to the teaching and influence of Mrs. M. L. Kelley. Years ago, before the spirit of missions had fired the heart of the Church, and even the pastors and teachers preached and talked little of it, she laid the dearest treasure she possessed on this altar without a struggle, and her home and heart were childless when her son went over the seas to bear the gospel tidings to the heathen, and after threescore years and ten had frosted her head with a crown of glory she deemed herself honored of God, and frequently spoke to those acquainted with her inner life of the great privilege accorded her, to lay another offering on that altar—her beloved granddaughter, wife of Rev. Walter R. Lambuth, M.D., missionary of the Tennessee Conference to China. God graciously permitted her to see the desire of her eyes, and after the farewells were spoken and the young missionaries left for their home and work in the Orient the precious grandmother, with the parting blessing still trembling on her lips, lay down on her bed to die. The old and young, saint and sinner, rich and poor, honor her memory and rise up and call her blessed.

Resolved, That this memorial be recorded in the minutes of the Woman's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tenn., a copy be sent to each one of the Presidents of the woman's mission-

ary organizations of the M. E. Church, South, also to her missionary friends in the field, whose hearts and hands she stayed up by her fervent prayers and constant efforts; also to each one of the children of our beloved pastor, that, should they live in after years they may see the estimate in which their sainted grandmother was held in the community in which she lived and labored and died, and that her spirit may enter afresh into their hearts, crowning her hopes and prayers for them with rich fruition.

MRS. R. K. HARGROVE, *President*;

MRS. I. W. MCHENRY, *Rec. Sec.*

November 7, 1877.

A Tribute from Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D.

IN our last issue we announced the death of a venerable matriarch, Mrs. Margaret Lavinia Kelley, mother of Rev. David C. Kelley, D.D., pastor of McKendree Church, Nashville. When she departed to be with Christ in paradise, a little before midnight, October 29, 1877, she did not perhaps leave her equal as a Christian woman in this community. She was one to whom "the elder," if she had lived in his day, might have directed such an Epistle as that "to the elect lady," "whom," says he, "I love in the truth; and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth."

We always approached her with the reverence, confidence, and even playful affection of a son. And who did not? Surely none who enjoyed her friendship. She possessed a level character, a good intellect, a cultivated mind, keen sensibilities, a generous, catholic spirit, great faith in God, and undying love to the Saviour. She was thoroughly Methodist in her views, and zealous in her devotion to the Church. She could say with her divine Exemplar: "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." Her gifted son would never have been the man that he is if he had not had such a mother. Mrs. Kelley reminded us of Susannah Wesley as, like the mother of the Wesley

she wielded a wonderful influence over all around her. We never thought of going contrary to her wishes. But we have a sketch of her character and life from another hand, which we will subjoin as better than anything we could furnish. We have been asked "of what disorder—of what disease—she died." We answer, Of nostalgia. Soon after her granddaughter, Daisy, lately wedded to Rev. Dr. Lambuth, took her departure for the China Mission, she seemed to feel that her work on earth was done. For a month she had been working with her own hands in preparing everything she thought necessary for them on their voyage and after their arrival at Shanghai; and so, commending them to the God of missions, she sank apparently beneath the excitement, took her bed, and left it no more till she stepped into the fiery chariot, and passed over the everlasting hills. We visited her in her confinement, and found her ready, waiting, longing to depart, yet willing to tarry the Lord's leisure. In conversing with her a few days before her death, we thought of Casimire's Ode, "*Urit me patriae decor,*" etc., imitated by Dr. Watts:

The beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.

Like Bunyan's pilgrims on the shore of the river, she longed for the message to come to summon her to the palace of the heavenly King. She could adopt the language of our poet:

I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home.
O when shall my spirit be there?
O when will the messenger come?

Yet she was not impatient. She knew that "it is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." But she was *home-sick*, and could say:

Let it not my Lord displease
That I would die to be thy guest.
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

And her prayer was answered. She fell asleep in Jesus, and "no ill dream disturbs her rest." On October 31 her remains were taken to McKendree Church, which was filled with mourning friends. After the reading of the sentences by Dr. Hargrove, the presiding elder, the choir sang an exquisitely beautiful piece of music, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Blandner, the organist of McKendree, for the stanzas dedicated to her, which appeared in the *Advocate* of October 20, having the refrain so expressive of her state of mind, "I long, I sigh for home." The Psalm was read by Rev. J. F. Hughes, the lesson by Rev. W. M. Green; discourses were pronounced by Rev. Dr. Hargrove and the editor of the *Advocate*; Dr. Leftwich announced Psalm lxxii., "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," which was sung in view of the great interest Mrs. Kelley always felt in the cause of missions, especially the China Mission in the darkest days of its history: a comprehensive and fervent prayer was offered by Dr. Young,

and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Sargent. Thus closed the obsequies at the church. We followed the remains to the railroad station, and ministers and other friends accompanied them to Leeville, where they were deposited by the side of the sacred dust of her sainted husband, Dr. McFerrin and Dr. Hargrove performing the service at the grave. We could fill our paper with interesting and edifying matter relative to this "mother in Israel," but we must be content with subjoining the admirable sketch to which we have already referred.

Mrs. Margaret Lavinia Kelley was born at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee. Colonel David Campbell, her father, had been a soldier in the revolutionary war. Her mother, Jane Montgomery, was the daughter of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, of Salisbury, N. C., and aunt of Major Lemuel P. Montgomery, who fell at the battle of the Horseshoe. Her parents were both strict Presbyterians. She joined the Methodist Church in her girlhood. When she was about sixteen years of age her father removed to Wilson County, Middle Tennessee, and she was placed at school at the Nashville Academy, then conducted by Mr. Hume. She made her home, while in this city, with her mother's relatives, Colonel Balch and Dr. Roan. She was married in 1832 to Rev. John Kelley, who, some years before, had been the chief instrument in leading her to Christ and the Methodist Church. Her mind was well cultured. For forty years she read and wrote daily. She was a careful and thrifty housewife. But her character

reached its highest and fullest exposition in her devotion to Christ and the Church. Her mind was thoroughly judicious, and her heart so full of sympathy that not the young only, but women of all ages, especially mothers, were drawn to her for sympathy and advice. At one time this made her correspondence burdensome. She won, in all the family troubles which were thus brought to her, the beatitude which the Master awards to the peacemaker. On untold homes has her calm wisdom and gentle spirit brought, out of tempest, the dew of peace. From girlhood the poor were her special care, not by way of thoughtless gifts, but she sought them in their homes, and there, with the children gathered about her, her Bible in hand, she sought to inspire and lift them up out of their degradation, always closing the visit with a prayer; so that it soon became a habit of many women, and not a few men of this class, to hunt her up for counsel in all their perplexities. Her sympathy was world-wide. Perhaps the most earnest work of her life was her efforts in behalf of the heathen. Upon this work she concentrated every treasure she had—money, friends, child, grandchild, tears, prayers, and persistent, unceasing labor. She had organized in this city a Woman's Missionary Society which, besides the work of securing a home for the poor in our midst and originating the Mission Home, an institution for the benefit of fallen women, has contributed in three years nearly three thousand dollars to the cause of the Christian elevation of the women of China. Her religious character, from its

emotional point, is well exhibited by a remark made during the last week of her life: "Amid all the trials and prosperity of life my trust in God has always given me calm, never tumult; and if He should not give me triumph now, I trust him still; for I know that the Everlasting Arms are about me, though he may not give me even one ray of light." Her last message to her granddaughter, who had just set sail for China as the wife of a missionary, was: "Hold out to the last for Jesus." She had nearly completed her seventy-second year.

It would be both an intricate and beautiful psychological study to have attempted to ascertain whether, after her eldest grandchild directed her life plans toward the China Mission, the tenderness of her love grew more rapidly for the child on account of her choice of the mission or for the mission field because it was to become the home of the child. The tie between them had always been most tender and delicate. Daisy was the only one of the children old enough to feel the loss at her mother's death and to remember her dying committal of the little group to the grandmother, and she naturally came to fill the place made vacant by a daughter she had buried in early youth. While her attachment for the mission was older than the birth of the child, its struggles and adversity had blended with her effort and self-sacrifice for it, so as to make its interest a part of her being. Whether the equilibrium of these commingling forces could be found or not, it is certain that her life culminated in the transcendent joy of the consummation of

these plans. A sentence given in the foregoing sketch indicates that her support was faith, not feeling. The study of the careful persistence with which she maintained this attitude to the last was thoroughly indicative of the deep basis of her conscientious adhesion to exact truth, and furnishes food for widening views of Christian experience. Even after her mind was clouded, and attention could only be held for a moment, she never varied in her voluntary expressions or replies to questions. Nothing was predicated of feeling; everything of trust in the promises of Jesus. Her feelings were probably greatly obtunded by the character of her disease, and she was unwilling to appear for a moment to possess acute feeling when she did not realize it. Her tenderness, however, to those about her was continuously noticeable, and a more probable conclusion is that our Father gave such a close to her life as a help to many who trouble themselves through life with discouragement on account of a want of vivid emotion. In the woman's weekly prayer meeting at McKendree the last discussion held was at her earnest suggestion, of Hebrews xii. 1, 2. The following is from an unfinished letter to Mrs. M. I. Lambuth, bearing date of October 3, 1877: "To-morrow, at evening twilight, Walter and Daisy leave their American home for a foreign one, where fond hearts anxiously await their coming. They are both seemingly firm to their purpose, thank God! I cheerfully give them up, not because they are not heart-treasures from which I have drawn many a sweet earthly pleasure, but because I love Jesus better, or 'more than these.'"

This is next to the last sentence she ever wrote. It is well to note this, as her death has been attributed to grief for their departure.

An old family servant coming in when her weakness was extreme, she aroused herself to the point of asking after the welfare of a little son, saying she wanted to aid in his education, that out of the descendants of "Uncle Top" (an old Christian servant, honored and loved) she had earnestly hoped to see one go as a missionary to Africa. It should not be supposed for a moment, on account of what has been said of her religion, as connected with her emotions, that because there was no tumult there was therefore no joy. Her deep delight in Christian themes, conversation, and work was an ever-flowing, deepening, widening stream. Perhaps in a congregation of a thousand Christians a true gospel preacher would find no other face so constantly radiant and sun-lit, so responsive to every high spiritual intuition or rich evangelical thought. The sermon must be either extremely dull or viciously faulty at which her eye did not kindle and her face speak enjoyment and encouragement. Her home was always the home of the Methodist preacher. The younger and more unlettered, the deeper her interest. Every inducement was offered them for improvement, every effort to lead them to think and read. From the Kentucky line to the borders of Texas, messages and letters attest that these men held their association with her as of priceless value.—*Christian Advocate*, November 10, 1877.

Nostalgia.

Affectionately Inscribed to Mrs. Margaret E. Kelley.

I DWELL in Meshech! Woe is me!
In Kedar's tents I'm forced to be!
An exile, doomed to roam—
An exile, on a foreign strand—
An exile, from my native land—
I long, I sigh, for home!

I stand upon the ocean shore—
Send my impatient wishes o'er—
Pant for the hour to come,
The time of my release, when I
Across the envious deep will hie—
I long, I sigh, for home!

The glories of my native place
Burst on my view! O how they blaze!
I see the golden dome—
The city flooded with *His* light—
Its dwellers, robed in spotless white—
I long, I sigh, for home!

My want of patience, Lord, forgive;
For 'tis with thee I wish to live,
And not forever roam;
An exile from my native place:
I want to see thee face to face—
I long, I sigh, for home!

I will be patient—hope and wait
For thy salvation—soon or late—
 Whene'er thou wilt say, Come!
And by thy sanctifying grace,
Prepare me, Lord, to see thy face!
 I long, I sigh, for home!

—*Dr. T. O. Summers, in Christian Advocate.*

Nashville, Tenn., October 16, 1877.

Some

Grandmother's Last Message to Daisy.

[The following stanzas were sent by the author, Mrs. Dake, to Dr. Kelley, November 1, the day after the interment of his mother. He has kindly permitted us to copy them in the *Advocate*.—ED.]

“Hold out to the last for Jesus!”

These blessed words she said—
Almost the last she uttered
Before her spirit fled.

To the precious one now sailing
Far over the western sea
It goes as a message from heaven,
Wafted so full and free.

The aged Christian tarried
To give her cause her best;
Then turned away to heaven,
With loved ones there to rest.

O surely the China Mission
Is “touched by her angel wing.”
“Hold out to the last for Jesus,”
And many “sheaves” you’ll bring.

December 1, 1877.

Appendix.

The Woman's Mission Home was projected at Tulip Street Church, September, 1874, at a meeting of the Woman's Bible Mission at Home and Abroad, presided over by Mrs. M. L. Kelley. At this meeting the first Board of Directors was elected and the constitution adopted.

Following the meeting at Tulip Street Church a mass meeting was held at McKendree Church October 17, 1874, to which all citizens were invited. At this meeting many friends were gained and a number of representative women were added to the Board of Directors. Twenty years later, in a printed report, the last made under the above name, the following summary of work is given :

In the twenty years of our existence there have been received into the Home about four hundred adults and fifty-five infants, and there have been in the Home ninety-seven children; in all, over five hundred have found shelter and protection. Of this number, a large per cent have found homes in respectable families, and are leading honest lives. A goodly number have been restored to their families.

A number have died leaving evidence that they had found a friend in Him who said: "Go, sin no more." A small per cent have gone back to their husks. Our prayers follow them. At the beginning of the current year we find ourselves with a larger family than ever before, thirty-eight adults and twenty-two children. Such a family taxes the ingenuity of the Board to its utmost.

The report for 1895 gives the following history of results :

As long as sin is in the world, so long will it be the imperative duty of good men and women to help the weak. The burning question, "What can we say or do for repentant women?" confronted the band of noble women who were doing rescue work under the auspices of "The Woman's Bible Mission at Home and Abroad," in Nashville, Tenn., in the year 1874. This question was often asked, and it could not be silenced. When the poor Magdalen asked with streaming eyes and contrite heart, "What can I do? where can I go?" there was silence, no answer; in all this fair city of homes and churches there was no place, no chance, for her. Think of it—an outcast, accursed! This was the question that pressed home to the hearts of these women who were earnest in saving the perishing.

Out of this question came the call issued by Mrs. Kelley, of blessed memory, for a mass meeting to be held at McKendree Church October 17, 1874. It was a memorable day for Nashville, and should be marked with a white stone. A large audience gathered, earnest men and women. The best people in the city were interested. All the Churches responded, and many who called themselves simply philanthropists were there. The object of the call was explained by Dr. D. C. Kelley, and the enterprise assumed shape and form.

Plans were suggested, subscriptions were made, the interest was at white heat. Nashville had but one heart that day, and it throbbed for *humanity*. There could be no delay; *immediate* relief was imperative.

A body of managers, thirty-six in number, was elected, vested with power to secure a charter, organize, and open a home for fallen women. This body was strictly nonsectarian, all the Churches having representatives.

These managers lost no time. A home was rented after much difficulty. It was an old, deserted, dilapidated building on Market Street. The locality was obscure and undesirable, but it was the best that could be had for the purpose. The women who were the pioneers of this charity walked largely by faith, for the obstacles and discouragements were legion. The founders were really persecuted, and faced foes that were actually formidable. But with a sublime faith in the justice of their cause they faced discouragements that would have else daunted them, for they were fired with the zeal that carries through martyrdom. Beyond the insult and annoyance of the hour, they looked for the redemption of those who had fallen by the wayside, and little by little gained the confidence and respect of their worst enemies. In this home they began the work with a few girls. The first girl received developed into a beautiful character and became an earnest worker for her fallen sisters. She remained in the home many years, and only left it for "that other mansion not made with hands." After a few years in the unsavory locality of this first venture, the home was removed to a better neighborhood, on South Cherry Street. Here the institution was tolerated, but none too welcome. By the exemplary conduct of the inmates, and the good work done for this class of women, the respect of the erstwhile scoffer was compelled. After some years in this locality it was decided that it would be much better to own property where none could molest or make afraid. Two stanch friends of the enterprise, the Hon. John M. Lea and Mr. Samuel Watkins (deceased) had so much humanity and faith in the work that they bought a large lot with a comfortable house upon it, on Ewing Avenue, at a cost of \$2,500, and presented it to the managers for the prosecution of their charity. These noble men deserve all honor for their good-

ness of heart and their faith in humanity. It was truly "bread cast upon the waters."

In this home the managers labored with renewed zeal. The work grew year by year to such dimensions that the house was found inadequate to accommodate the many who pleaded for entrance. In the year 1881 an addition was built to the home at a cost of between \$3,000 and \$4,000. The money was secured by the ladies in various ways: by solicitations, by help from the Advisory Board, and by the successful running of a lunch and restaurant during the Exposition of 1880.

Then the work again went on for a number of years. The calls for admission increased. The work spread and grew to such dimensions that it became absolutely necessary to either turn away the perishing or increase our facilities. The managers felt that the burden was laid upon them, and they could not, dared not, close their ears or hearts to the crisis. Having laid their hands on the plow, there was no turning back. It was a crucial time, but it was a call to duty, and the ladies were not found wanting. In 1892 they began the addition to the Home. It seemed a Herculean task to raise \$12,000. By laboring in season and out of season, by the aid of good men and good women, by the generous and timely aid of the good county of Davidson, which, recognizing the good work being done by this charity, appropriated \$5,000, they were enabled to add to their house, so that now they have a large, commodious building equal to the best in the land, and equal to the demands made upon them. When the building was finished there was a debt resting upon it of nearly \$5,000. This pressed heavily upon the managers, and gave them many anxious hours. In a happy moment Mrs. Rose G. Lewis was inspired to write to the Hon. Charles N. Crittenton, who is devoting his life to rescue work, concerning our work, in-

viting him to come to Nashville and see our work. He responded cordially to her letter, and sent one of his coworkers, Mrs. Barrett, of Atlanta, Ga. This lady was greatly impressed with the scope of our work. The result of this visit was that Mr. Crittenton came to our help and generously lifted our indebtedness and helped us to read our title clear. In recognition of his generosity, and in memory of his little daughter, the home was rechristened from its original name, "Woman's Mission Home," to that of "Florence Crittenton Mission Home. The home is situated in a quiet, pleasant street, and is an ornament to the city. It is a large three-story house, with ample grounds.

The health of the family is in charge of Dr. Clara Plympton, who gives its sanitation her personal care. To her faithful and able management the institution is under great obligation. She performs her heroic task with a self-abnegation that is beyond praise. May her reward be commensurate with her love for humanity!

In the twenty-two years of its existence there have been received into the Home between seven and eight hundred women, and about fifty children were brought into the Home; there have been born in the Home about two hundred and fifty children—in all, about one thousand souls. Of these adult women, about one-third have been reformed and restored to friends. About one-third have been provided with homes in good families. About one hundred have left the institution of their own accord, and probably returned to their evil lives. About twenty have died. These all professed faith in God and left comforting testimony that it was well with them, and that they had found in the Home the way that led them to everlasting life. About twenty-five have married and are doing well in homes of

their own. At the present time there are in the Home thirty-nine adults and twenty children.

The Board of Managers has been fortunate in the continued service of its first President, Mrs. A. H. Redford. She has borne the heat and burden these many years of a work that requires much grace and patience. She has given a rare acumen to this task! May she live many years to fill a place so hard to fill! Many of the first managers are still on the Board. They have worked faithfully for many years, and will be missed when they pass over the river.

BX Brown, R K
8495 Life of Mrs. M. L. Kelly ... 1889. Added
K44 tracts from her journal and letters, found
B7 unexplored shelf by her son, 1900. [Nashvi
19--?]
106p. incl. plates. front. (port.) 23cm

1. Kelly, Margaret Lavinia (Campbell) 180
1877.

